

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

1. ENGLISH HYMNS SINCE THE REFORMATION. A Lecture by Francis T. Palgrave,	<i>Good Words,</i>	195
2. GRIMM AND CRUIKSHANK,	<i>Spectator,</i>	204
3. THE COUNTRY-HOUSE ON THE RHINE. Part XXIII. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the German for <i>The Living Age</i> ,	<i>Die Presse,</i>	207
4. LETTICE LISLE. Part VI.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	231
5. CHILDREN,	<i>London Review,</i>	240
6. CHAUCER'S ENGLAND,	<i>London Review,</i>	241
7. ERNEST JONES, ESQ.,	<i>Magazine of Biography,</i>	244
8. AN EGYPTIAN STATE BALL,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	247
9. CHINESE CHARITIES,	<i>Public Opinion,</i>	248
10. THE CHINESE FROM HOME,	<i>All the Year Round,</i>	250

SHORT ARTICLES.

VIRTUES OF IPECACUANHA,	286	POLAR ICE,	286
ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA,	286		

POETRY.

THE LAKE,	194	THE PENDULUM,	206
"ALL THINGS FOR GOOD,"	194	COD-LIVER OIL,	206
YOUTH AND MAIDENHOOD,	206		

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THE LAKE.

[FROM LAMARTINE]

MUST we for ever seek some newer clime,
Return we cannot, may we not delay,
Or anchor on the shoreless sea of time
Ev'n for a day?

Last year she sate beside me on this stone,
And whisper'd we would look again on thee;
See me, sweet Lake, but ask not why, alone,
Nor where is she!

Such was thy murmur 'neath yon rocky caves,
The sullen cliff so didst thou idly beat,
While the light foam that rippled off thy waves
Fell on her feet.

One eve, dost thou remember? silence bore
Such absolute sway that sound had ceased to
be,

But for the measured cadence of an oar
Plashing on thee.

Sudden a sound, more sweet than mortal, broke
The sleep of Echo in her lonely cell;
Ah! how I treasured as the Siren spoke
Each word that fell!

"Time, stay your speed, a little stay,
To let us taste the joys you bring;
Do not each moment brush away
Some pleasure with your wing.

"Where sorrow pines, or labour delves,
Oh, there in mercy linger not,
But leave the happy to themselves,
Forgetting and forgot.

"In vain, in vain! Time seems in scorn
More rapidly to urge his flight;
Sweet night, endure! And lo! the morn
Already chaseth night.

"Oh, let us, then, in mere despair
Of holding him, with him press on,
And love the more intensely, ere
The hour for love be gone."

Too jealous Pow'r, must that enchanting cup
From which the draughts of love and pleasure
flow

Fail, ah! so soon, and wilt thou ne'er dry up
The urn of woe?

Is there no charm to fix one happy hour;
'Twas here but now, and will it be no more?
Doth Time, scarce granting e'er he takes the
dower,
Never restore?

Thou past Eternity, thou dark abyss,
The years by thee engulfed, oh, where are
they?

Give back, give back the youth, the bounding
bliss
Borne far away!

Lov'd lake, mute rocks, grottos, and waving
groves,
You whom time spares, or wastes but to re-
new,
Eternal be the memory of our loves,
At least with you!

Keep it, dear lake! both in thy calm and storm,
In ev'ry varied aspect of thy shore;
In these dark pines, in yon rock's rugged form
That beetles o'er,

Threat'ning thy beauty; in the light warm gale
That wreathes thee into smiles, in ev'ry sound
That Echo wafts o'er thee while moonbeams pale
Hallow all round.

Let the soft-sighing rose, the murm'ring wind
Breathing her name, the bird that flits above,
All, all that through the senses wakes the mind,
Record our Love!
Spectator.

W. D.

"ALL THINGS FOR GOOD."

"And we know that all things work together for
good to them that love God"—Rom. viii. : 28.

ALL things, dear Lord! Is there no thread of
woe

Too dark, too tangled for the bright design?
No drop of rain too heavy for the bow
Set in the cloud in covenant divine?

I know that all thy full designs are bright;
That darkest threads grow golden in thy
hands—
That bending lines grow straight—the tangled
right—
The bitter drops all sweet at thy command.

Command the sweetness! make the crooked
straight!
And turn these dusky tangled threads to gold!
Swifter, dear Lord! I cannot wait:
Faith hath grown weary—longing to behold.

I know the promise—but I crave the sight:
I yearn to see the beautiful design,
To hail the rosy tints of morning light,
And watch the straightening of the bended
line.

Why these enigmas? Wherefore not receive
Their bright solution? Then a voice drew
near:

"Blessed are they who see not, yet believe!"
And One I knew approached and wiped my
tear,

With wounded hand, and sighed. Ah! then I fell
Down on my knees, and held Him by the feet,
My Lord! my God! All, all is well!
With Thee, the dark is light, the bitter sweet.

From Good Words.

A GLANCE AT ENGLISH HYMNS SINCE THE REFORMATION.

A LECTURE GIVEN AT THE WORKINGMEN'S COLLEGE, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

HYMNS, although they form but a small portion in the great field of poetry, are yet a portion of it which comes home to most of us in a living way; we all, I suppose, either care for them more or less ourselves, or know those who do. I hope, therefore, that a very short sketch of the changes through which English hymns have passed since that epoch when the Reformation and the modern form of our language began together may not be without value.

We may divide the whole subject into three periods. I. That of the early Reformation, before the distinct formation of non-conforming Protestant congregations. II. That of the eighteenth century, from Addison and Watts to Cowper, which, as an intelligible name, I may call the Evangelical period. III. The hymns of the last sixty years, during which hymn writing, as a distinct form of poetry, has been cultivated with considerable success by writers representing the many religious schools which have flourished, or, at least, have come into being during our own age.

I.

All poetry, it has been often remarked, reflects faithfully the feelings, especially the highest and deepest feelings, of the time which produces it. It is obvious that this law will be especially true of religious poetry. Men may feign, for the sake of fashion or of fancy, in their other styles of verse; nor, of course, has such feigning (which we should then call by the darker name of hypocrisy) been at any time absent from their religious profession. But it is certain that hymns not written in a genuine frame of mind will have little chance of succeeding. There is, indeed, in this form of poetry one great source of "conventional" treatment, which may occur to some of your minds, and which undoubtedly renders hymns, in one way, less accurate representatives of the age when they have been written than some other forms of poetry — the drama, for example. This conventional element comes in thus. The long series of words and of thoughts which have become symbols of the

Christian faith to most men, naturally form a part — too large a part, I would venture to say — of the language of hymns. They are hence apt to be cold, or, as I said just now, conventional. But beneath this formal similarity in style lie hid, as we also know, all those singular fluctuations in the mode of regarding religion which have marked every century of Christianity, and are more clearly and decisively traceable in the nineteenth than in the thirteenth. So impossible is it to have life without change! So ineradicable the human passion for freedom and variety of thought! So idle, again, is the boast of those who maintain that their faith (whatever form it may assume) is infallible! So essentially childish the regret of those who sigh for a hopeless and never-realized unity! Yet the practical necessity under which the hymn lies of conforming always to the general code of Christian expression, and, further, of restraining itself within the obvious limits of a vocal act of prayer or praise, or, at most, of a brief series of reflections and descriptions, has undoubtedly been a serious impediment to success in hymn writing, and one which it has required real poetic genius, or the strongest religious impulse, to conquer. Upon the portion which poetry as an art should hold in the hymn, I shall say a few words further on. Meanwhile, the first period is naturally coloured at the outset with the gravity of an age when men, to whichever communion they might belong, had not only to live for their faith, but to die for it. The hymns written during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary are marked by a solemn tone — by a prevalence of stern, didactic feeling; they are the work of men to whom life was an earnest, painful thing; they want the happier flow of less troubled ages — the golden cadences which occur spontaneously to "hearts at leisure." I take one specimen from the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," a collection which, though published in 1576, represents the earlier period of which I have been speaking.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God, and ease the
woful grief,
That, through the heaps of heavy sin, can nowhere find relief.

Do Thou, O God, redress,
The great distress
Of sinful heaviness.

Come, comfort the afflicted thoughts of my consumed heart :

O rid the piercing pricking pains of my tormenting smart ;

O Holy Ghost, grant me
That I by Thee
From sin may purgèd be.

Thou art my God : to Thee alone
I will commend my cause :

Not glittering gold, nor precious stone,
Shall make me leave thy laws.

O teach me then the way
Whereby I may
Make Thee my only stay.

My lips, my tongue, my heart and all,
Shall spread Thy mighty name :

My voice shall never cease to sound
The praises of the same.

Yea, every living thing
Shall sweetly sing
To Thee, O heavenly King.

The next specimen is ascribed to Sir
Walter Raleigh.

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use

Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts
abuse ;

But down in darkness let them lie ;
So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts
die !

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eye,

That holy cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour, and thy sin, did die !
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu ! I direct my eyes ;
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees ;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice ;

To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only
sees :

To Thee myself, — myself and all I give ;
To Thee I die ; to Thee I only live !

This grave but manly character continued to mark our hymns during Elizabeth's reign ; at least, there are very few that take the lighter tone which, during the latter half of it, began to show itself in other forms of poetry. There is a sense in which one might call this

severity of tone Puritan ; but only in so far as Puritanism is to be used to signify, not a distinct sectarian spirit, but the spirit of what was best in the religious feeling of the time. The tone of the hymns is, in fact, a reproduction of the tone of the theology : nor, had the writers been disposed to adopt the more cheerful and animated style of their secular contemporaries, would the politics, whether of Church or of State, under the first Stuarts have encouraged them. Hence, as we advance to the seventeenth century, the hymns of Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, and others of that age, including some by Habington the Roman Catholic, are deeply meditative ; they are weighty with thought and feeling ; there is little in our poetry which bears reading more, or better repays the reader. On the other hand, these later hymns have the faults of the time in their style ; they are often over-subtle in thought or in language ; they run into obscurity and fantasticality ; there is a certain pleasure in quaintness, and the writings of that age give it, — but it is one of the lower forms of pleasure : they tend to forget what I may call the congregational character proper to the hymn, and fall rather into the class of the religious meditation. My first examples are from the justly-famous George Herbert.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold :
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

Observe the curious touch of scientific observation about the properties of glass in the third stanza. Herbert was one of Bacon's main friends and counsellors in his philosophic labours.

Oh what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure :
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet : now he scorns increase;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crusht the building : and it's partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires!

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass; all would disperse,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us; one creation
Will not suffice our turn :
Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

There is a strange meditative power about this poem; something almost dramatic in its analytic insight into human nature. My next example is an elegy on the loss of dear friends, from Henry Vaughan, a poet far less known than he deserves; a follower of Herbert's, who, if he has not all the strange, passionate intensity of his master, shows a greater fluency and sweetness. I wish I had space to quote from the charming preface (1654) to Vaughan's book, the "Silex Scintillans," in which he sets forth a little of his own life and of his ideas of hymn writing; but it has been beautifully

reprinted (Pickering, 1847), and is within reach of any who care for a little volume which they are not likely soon to weary of.

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd
them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beautiful death, the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fleg'd bird's nest may
know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

I end the first division of my subject with Charles I., rather because the race of hymn-writers seems after that time to grow scanty for awhile, than because there is much difference between their style and that of the few hymns which I know dated during the last fifty years of the seventeenth century. Some specimens by Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Mason, and others will be found in Sir Roundell Palmer's rich collection. I must pass on to the second period.

II.

To this, which I termed the "Evangelical," belong probably the majority of the hymns sung, or sung till lately, in our churches and chapels. Most of these were either written by, or in spirit connect them-

selves with, the great ministers of God who, in the eighteenth century, carried on the torch of English religion, sometimes, perhaps, with too irregular and ecstatic a hand; kindling it sometimes, perhaps (if I may pursue the metaphor), into too lurid and earthly a flame; yet, on the whole, running their race with no small portion of the "divine breath and inspiration." To this remarkable development, however, so far as it is simply theological, I can do no more than allude; and it must be enough to define it by enumerating the names of Doddridge, Watts, Whitefield, the two Wesleys, Scott, Toplady, and Cowper. Indeed, the first very distinguished hymn-writer we meet—Bishop Ken—is not connected with this particular religious movement. His famous hymns may perhaps be regarded as points of transition to the newer manner; they are the earliest which really live in our churches. Addison, again, belongs to no marked theological school. Yet there are few hymns more tender and holy in their sentiment, as there are few indeed more finished in their style, than those which we owe to that all-accomplished genius. The only one I can quote commemorates Addison's thankfulness for his safety during what were, a hundred and fifty years ago, the dangers of a journey to Italy.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise:

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,

I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

Isaac Watts is so well known a name that I am sure it would surprise some of my hearers to find, if they turned to his own book, in place of the partial selections from it, of how many remarkable pieces they were ignorant. Let me here give one which seems to me amongst the most characteristic of Watts's, whether in its dramatic directness of expression, its straightforward introduction of dogmatic opinions in which we, perhaps shall not share, or its admirable delicacy and elevation of sentiment. It is a mere baby's hymn, indeed; yet one hardly envies the power of writing such a hymn more than the modesty with which the author speaks of it:—"Some copies of the following hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public."

CRADLE HYMN.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay:
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,

To receive the heavenly stranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give a hundred kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Humble as this hymn is in its aim, I hardly know anything like it in its union of simple words and sublime ideas; nor does Reynolds himself paint childhood with a more overpowering tenderness.

You will observe how different are these hymns from those of the earlier period. They contain less expressed thought, less direct argument, but they are animated by a brighter spirit; they are not so weighty in diction, but they are more truly songs of the pious heart; they lean rather towards rendering a reverential faith than a penitential fear. Sometimes, indeed, the fervour of the age passes into an ecstasy hardly suited for public use or public recital. Such we find amongst the many admirable hymns which we owe to the Wesleys, and such also is that hymn, which, in accordance with the opinion of good judges, I should be disposed to put highest within its class — Toplady's magnificent "Rock of Ages." One specimen in a less elevated key is all I can introduce, and I content myself thus the less reluctantly,

because I am here in the region most familiar to our memories. It is by Charles Wesley.

The harvest of my joys is past,
The summer of my comforts fled,
Yet am I unredeem'd at last,
And sink unsaved among the dead,
If on the margin of the grave,
Thou canst not in a moment save.

Destroy me not by Thy delay;
Delay is endless death to me:
But the last moment of my day
Is as a thousand years to Thee:
Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
And show me Thy salvation now!

I might add Doddridge, Haweis, and Beddome, writers in a more meditative style; Logan, under whose name we have a few finished stanzas; the two great series of foreign hymns which we owe to the somewhat mystic piety of the Moravians in Germany and Madame Guion in France; and a vast variety of humble souls, whose names we perhaps read in village churchyards, and do not know that though dead, they speak to us in some of the most valued and most often-repeated of our Christian songs. But I must hasten over these and many more to the one whom I would select as the last, and, in some ways, the highest, of the Evangelical school, William Cowper. The pathetic story of his life is known, or should be known, to every one; no more strangely romantic career, no more tragic scene in the "battle between hell and heaven," can be found than that which transacted itself in Cowper's soul within the quiet village of Bedfordshire, with its level fields and calm waters, immortalized in our hearts and memories by the genius of this great sufferer. With that story the production and the character of Cowper's hymns are closely connected; the jarring tones of despair which sometimes break from them, in contrast with the exquisite air of peace and holiness by which they are also pervaded, are but the reflection of the agitated heart of a man too finely made and too sensitive for his own health or happiness. It must be also added that the type of religion accepted by Cowper is of a somewhat rigid and melancholy character, and that, writing as he did rather to relieve his own heart than under the responsibilities of poetry, he has very often lapsed into commonplace and conventional language. Yet throughout all Cowper's hymns we are sensible that they are the work of a real poet; there is a simplicity about them, an ethereality of touch, which other writers, who *felt* their subject not less strongly than

Cowper, are unable to reach; like Herbert's, like Addison's, like even those which we owe in a later age to Byron, they vindicate the secret supremacy of the poet's art, even in that form of it where art is bound most sedulously to conceal itself. I commend this point to your attention, because it is one which has been little noticed; nay, the judgment just expressed may perhaps be in opposition to that often entertained in respect of hymns. Here, as elsewhere in every form of art, the highest excellence is reserved — not for the man most solely and singly penetrated with the Christian idea, but for him who has combined the required devotional spirit with the greatest mastery over poetry as an art. Short single effusions of first-rate merit we owe indeed to those who could not strictly or professionally, be described as poets. But whenever there are a number accepted by the world at large as good, we find that they are due to those who have practised poetry as an art: to Addison or Cowper, to Herbert or Keble. Purity of mind, simplicity, devotion, love of God and one's neighbour, openness of heart, courage of confession — all these are essential elements for those who would succeed in hymns; but, after all, and above all, we shall find that the poet has the best of it; that art is justified in her children.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear:
Though all the fields should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Cowper's closing lines (as here) are often conventional in their expression.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis Thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
"I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee!

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore!
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And peace her mean abode,
Oh with what grace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life;
Sweet source of light Divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

III.

After Cowper we may conveniently date the beginning of the hymns of our own age. I do not mean that many of those written since his time are not very similar in sentiment and in style to those of the eighteenth century; yet even in these one may gradually and, as it were, silently trace the operation of those general changes in our ways of thinking and speaking from which no one can escape; whilst these general changes have also brought about the more important effect that hymns have ceased to be the work of one large school of religious thought, and represent now those many movements amongst which our parents and we ourselves have lived, and which it is neither necessary nor desirable that I should here attempt to criticize. Looking, however, at the new or revived modes of theological impulse as they have influenced hymns, I think it will be allowed that a great and a very useful range of sentiment and of style has been hence added to this portion of our literature. I do not call upon any one for approval of the opinions which he may not share, or may even regard with alarm and hostility. Yet, on the whole, I venture to claim that we shall find the best side, that which is most true or most tender, in each religious phase, reflected in its hymns. Partly from the very idea of the hymn as an act of praise or prayer, partly from the large and generous spirit of poetry herself, those tones which jar upon us when they are heard in other spheres of literature are, more or less, sweetened and harmonized in song. The sects clasp hands here; hymns High and Low, Evangelical and Ritualistic, the words of the Established Church and of the Chapel, those even of the early and mediæval periods of Christianity, meet together in our hymn-books, and are heard from the same lips: they express that deep underlying unity of conviction in which we all share far more than we are ourselves conscious of. I shall, therefore, simply select a few which appear to me typical specimens of the best hymns of this century; premising that I will choose original hymns only; the vast majority of those which have been recently translated — especially those from ancient sources — appearing to me heavy and awkward as poetry, often trivial in thought, and rarely in true or natural unison with modern faith or feeling. The body of hymns translated from German sources, and those from the much overrated hymns of the Latin Church (including such as Mr. Neale's popular "Jerusalem," which, however, I venture to pronounce both clumsy in diction and essentially materialistic in its

ideas), are those here specially referred to. Of such performances as the hymns in celebration of individual saints, which occur in some recent collections — uncouth Latin versified in more uncouth English — however earnest and well-intentioned from the translator's point of view, it is not necessary to speak.

Bishop Heber, during the first quarter of the century, left us a set of hymns, written in a finished style of much elegance, and valuable from the manly and intelligible character, which is not a universal attribute of the modern hymn. They are also remarkable for the skill with which the natural landscape is introduced, a feature to which they probably owe part of their popularity. The Missionary Hymn is a well-known example. I select one which is not so familiar: —

I praised the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meener works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

With Heber's manner, too often slightly artificial, and not free from the jingling cadences and tinsel commonplace which are the weak side of the school of Byron, compare some stanzas of charming artlessness by the great imaginative painter, William Blake: —

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear,
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

Milman, Grant, Montgomery, Kelly, may be named amongst those who have done themselves honour during the first half of this century. The character of the hymns of that period is refinement and moderation; they avoid the overwrought expressions and decided dogmatism which repel or attract us in the Olney and the Wesleyan collections; they are free from the over-subtle thought and fantasticality of the later Elizabethan writers. On the other hand, these hymns, generally speaking, strike one as wanting in spontaneity and fervour; they have too little of the character of the song; they are literary and meditative. These aims are carried to their highest development in Mr. Keble's "Christian Year," probably the most successful collection of English hymns by any single writer, Watts only excepted. This famous series is, however, too reflective in character, and often too obscure or too subtle in sentiment, to fulfil the common vocation of the hymn. Like the fervent and singularly varied collection which we owe, in late years, to Dr. Bonar, the "Christian Year" is more for the reader than the church.

As the influence of Byron and of Scott are perceptible in the hymns of Bishop Heber, so Keble has some of Wordsworth's felicity in phrase, much of his delicacy, much of his meditative tendency; but in force and in simplicity he must be ranked, on the whole, far beneath his great master. It is very high distinction for a writer to be fairly namea-

ble with Wordsworth, — of all our modern poets the one whose individuality (when fully manifested) is the most individual. Bearing this in view, it would be no disrespect to Mr. Keble if we named him a Wordsworth in twilight. This definition is borne out, not only by the general tone of sentiment and of reasoning, but by the details of the "Christian Year," — the graceful landscape sketches, the selection and structure of the verse, the cadences of the rhythm. It is difficult to choose one hymn suitable throughout for recitation, and, at the same time, capable of doing justice to the writer's peculiar excellences. Perhaps a few stanzas from the well-known "Evening Hymn" may best show how high a point of success Keble could reach when he employed the simple style which a hymn demands: —

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove:

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

There is a peculiar subdued fervour, a repressed passion about the "Christian Year" which leads the way to the more emphatic expression which marks the hymns of our own immediate time. This quality has been occasionally carried into want of taste and moderation; yet, on the whole, we must recognize in the collections of the day a more genuine perception of the real purpose and character of the hymn. It would be easy to find examples of extravagance in manner from recent hymnals; but my object is to set before you the best things of every age; those in which the

style is seen at the most advantage. The three following specimens appear to fulfil this purpose, although every one will perhaps be able to name others with a similar claim for selection. The first, by Mr. Keble's friend, Dr. J. H. Newman, is one of the most beautiful poems of the kind in the language, and like most of the writer's, is equally marked by severe purity of taste and pathetic simplicity:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on;

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The dismal scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on;

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

By a writer unknown to me is the following remarkable also for its simplicity and pathos; qualities which I should place among the very highest of those demanded in this province of poetry:—

Christ will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the Voice saith "Come,
Enter this eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul its summons there.

Had he ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"

Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."

But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And, since He hath order'd this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear:
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our all in all.

Mr. Lyte's singularly elevated and truly-felt stanzas—lately spoken of to me as "almost perfect" by the greatest poet and judge of poetry of our own time—may properly close this long, but I hope not uninteresting series:—

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic-
tory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-
ows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

I AM one of those who think that lectures are a great means of advancing knowledge for the human race. As regards the improvement of agriculture, it may be observed that there are no people so dense as agriculturists, and so adverse to adopting any new thing. Now, there are men, a few only, who have studied agriculture very profoundly. I do not think that they could make a better use of their knowledge and their time, than by going about the country, and giving agricultural lectures.

There is not one person in a thousand who understands the principles of drainage, and how the capillary system acts in drainage. The agricultural lecturer would at first have to lecture to a small and most sceptical audience. But the good seed would have been sown; and some amongst his audience would have received ideas which they could not easily get rid of, and which they would gradually test by practical experience.

Author of Friends in Council.

From The Spectator.
GRIMM AND CRUIKSHANK.

MR. HOTTEN has done the present generations of children and of elders alike, a very great service in reproducing an exquisite facsimile* of the greatest of Cruikshank's works in connection with the charming book which was the best beloved of all the books of our childhood. We have been comparing with the most careful scrutiny the etchings in this edition with Cruikshank's own in the original work from which they were reproduced, and we can well understand Mr. Ruskin's statement that not only was his keen eye deceived by them so that he took them for late copies from the original plates, but that Mr. Cruikshank himself mistook the reproductions for his own work. We will undertake to say that no ordinary eye, however practised, would have recognized the difference if they had been seen apart. On the closest comparison, indeed, we can ourselves see a slight advantage in the original plates over the reproductions, even when we give the latter the advantage of the India proof paper, on which their really marvellous fidelity to the originals will be best seen. For instance, the gardener's son who is taking that spirited ride on the fox's tail "over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind" has, in the original plate, eyes that are looking more fixedly into the distant horizon, as if they were watching for the wonder at the end, than even in the exquisite copy, where there is a shade more of preoccupation with the remarkable steed by which he is drawn. The picture is one of Mr. Cruikshank's most wonderful achievements. To make a fox's brush seem a thoroughly natural and comfortable seat at all is no small success. But when you see how the artist has managed it, your wonder deepens to reverence. With his right hand the gardener's son holds up the brush on which he sits, while the feet at the end of his long legs rest quite comfortably, as on a footstool, on the fox's back, close to the root of the tail; the left hand holds his cap with its streaming feather to his head lest the wind should carry it away, and his eyes are calmly but eagerly rivetted on the far distance, the land of wonder to which he is being conveyed, while his just parted lips speak the same spirit of instant expectation. Yet no expectant and deeply interested face can be more placid. Nothing is further from the reader's mind than any

uneasiness as to the stability of the rider's seat, though he has to hold it up for himself. The perfectly natural character of the locomotion is written in every line of his expression and attitude. There is far more effort in the fingers which clutch at the wind-beaten cap and feather, than in the hand which supports the brush on which he is cushioned. And then the sinewy old fox,—what ease in his movements! There is no sense whatever of any unusual burden, in the easy sweep of those hind legs; indeed, only one of them is on the ground, the other is raised in the air with as light an action as that of a thoroughbred hunter; and an audacious little cloud of dust in the rear speaks of the pace he is going. Reynard's shrewd, erect, small ears bespeak those many counsels which that placid youth,—kind-hearted, but not over-wise,—whom he has taken under his protection so obviously needs. And what wind the artist has put into the picture! His translation of "Und so ging es über Stock und Stein dass die Haare piffen" is a translation no child will ever forget, though Mr. Edgar Taylor's "And away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind" is as perfect as words could make it.

And look, again, at that inconceivably humorous procession led by Dumpling with the golden goose,—the goose which has the property of making a prisoner of every one (save its owner) who touches it, or touches any person attached to it, so that Dumpling, the self-satisfied youth, with that inimitable air of *aplomb* about him which Cruikshank gives to all the heroes of these tales, is accompanied by the innkeeper's three daughters, the parish priest, the parish clerk, and two labourers with mattocks, all linked in an indissoluble goose-chain, beneath the window of that gloomy young princess who found mirth so impossible in this weary world, that the king, her father, had decreed that any man who made her laugh should have her for his wife and be heir to his kingdom. Look at the details of this unrivalled piece of artistic humour. Cruikshank has taken a cynical view, we regret to say, of the gloomy princess. He makes her a fat and very vacant-minded person, who had not wit enough to see the laughable element in life till it had gained very magnificent proportions indeed; and he evidently regards the father as anxious not so much to dissipate her gloom, as to awaken her intellect through the sense of humour. As it is, she is holding both her fat sides at the window and positively roaring, as she awakens to her first full perception of the incongru-

* German Popular Stories. With Illustrations from the Original Designs of George Cruikshank. Edited by Edgar Taylor, with Introduction by John Ruskin, M.A. London: John Camden Hotten.

ities of life. And well she may, though Dummeling with a keen sense of how much more laughable the spectacle is, if presented gravely like a formal procession, is perfect master of his own countenance, and heads the grotesque string of involuntary performers with the golden goose under his arm and an air of pert seriousness on his face, as of a master of the ceremonies. The eldest innkeeper's daughter, who was the first to touch the treacherous goose, a middle-aged, hard-featured woman of the Gumidge description, 'lone and lorn,' trapeses at his heels, her dismal features lengthened into helpless complaint; the second sister, plumper, and with a trace of curl-papers, has the sense of impropriety ludicrously stamped on features which she still flatters herself are buxom; the youngest, who is a beauty,—in her own estimation at least,—rather minces after her, as if she aimed at an air of grace even in that embarrassment; the stout, red priest, in his surplice and robes, whose strong reprobation of the girls had induced him to try detaching himself, is in a fury, and bounces after, lifting his free hand in the attitude of pulpit declamation; his half-starved clerk, in rusty black, lifts the same hand by way of translating his responses into gesture, but is as humiliated by the disaster as his superior is infuriated, and is obviously mentally replying "*adhæsit pavimento*" to his chief's "*iniquos odio habui*;" the first labourer, a stupid, puzzle-headed man, carries a mattock in his only free hand, and evidently *wants* to scratch his head with the one which is magically attached to the parish clerk, but has not yet realized that he might, in case of need, use the mattock for that purpose; the second labourer, a weak-kneed young man, is frightened out of his wits at the compulsory procession which he closes, and with which he can only keep up by urging his loose limbs into a trot. A small, fat urchin, detached spectator of the procession, throws up his hands and legs in delight, and evidently exclaims to himself, "*Oh golly!*" while a yelping cur beside him barks excitedly—in a defensive attitude—at the fuss, without seeing the fun. No more humorous composition was, perhaps, ever conceived by an artist, certainly ever delineated. But we might go through nearly every etching with almost equal praise. There is the dwarf Rumpelstilzchen,—dashing his foot so deep into the floor when the queen guesses his certainly very unusual name, that he has to use both hands to pull it out again,—and if we may trust Grimm's later editions instead of Mr. Edgar Taylor,

—pulls himself in two in the operation. What a picture of impotent wrath he is!—not entirely unlike Mr. Roebuck in expression, as he looked when he scowled at an opponent on the floor of the House, after "putting down his foot" somewhat too presumptuously on a private conviction. The arch, relieved look of the Queen at his discomfiture, as she half rises from her throne to break up the Court, the grinning content of the fat nurse, who sees her darling the baby rescued from Rumpelstilzchen's questionable protection, and the hearty delight of the beefeaters-in-waiting, present a most humorous contrast to the grim little imp himself, in the dark Spanish cloak and steeple hat and feather, as he wrenches,—vainly hitherto,—at his deeply implanted leg. In a word, there is no end to the humour of these etchings.

Before concluding, let us say a single word as to the translation. Nothing could be better than Mr. Edgar Taylor's for its time. But since he translated Grimm, the tales which he dealt with have been repeatedly re-edited by the brothers, and *now* the translation of 1826 by no means adequately represents the full humour and freshness of the German popular stories in their most recent,—which is really their most popular and ancient,—dress. For example, the story of the gardener's son who rides on the fox's tail, admirably told as it is in the English, has a still richer and more vernacular flavour in the later German editions. The humorous reflections of the gardener's son on the queer crotchets the fox had got into his old head are all omitted in Mr. Taylor's translation, yet they are some of the most popular and dramatic touches of the story, and just of a kind to tell on the childish fancy. Rumpelstilzchen's grotesquely tragic fate in endeavouring to extricate himself from the floor, which we know, by our personal experience, always appeals to the humour of children, is not in the English version,—and these are not by any means peculiar instances of stories in which there is room for greater fidelity to the most humorous, freshest, and best version of the original. We do not see why, if this charming book should reach, as it probably will, many future editions, some one of the representatives of Mr. Edgar Taylor should not give the finishing touches to the book. Why, too, should not there be further selections made from the same rich source? A volume of the mediæval quasi-religious fables, in which the curiously familiar mother-wit of the middle ages is brought to bear on religious questions, often

in a most rich and picturesque, though often in what would be thought a somewhat profane form, would be, not indeed a fit book for *children*, but a most valuable contribution to the folk lore of all nations now ac-

cessible to English readers. Such tales as Grimm's "Tailor in Heaven," "Godfather Death," have a wonderful moral force and significance at the bottom of their homely and, to our ears, half-profane incident.

YOUTH AND MAIDENHOOD.

Like a drop of water is my heart,
Laid upon her soft and rosy palm,
Turned whichever way her hand doth turn,
Trembling in an ecstasy of calm.

Like a broken rose-leaf is my heart,
Held within her close and burning clasp,
Breathing only dying sweetness out,
Withering beneath the fatal grasp.

Like a vapoury cloudlet is my heart
Growing into beauty near the sun,
Gaining rainbow hues in her embrace,
Melting into tears when it is done.

Like mine own dear harp is this my heart,
Dumb, without the hand that sweeps its
strings;
Though the hand be careless or be cruel,
When it comes, my heart breaks forth and
sings.
London Review. SARAH WILLIAMS.

THE PENDULUM.

Swing on, old pendulum of the world,
Forever and forever,
Keeping the time of suns and stars,
The march that endeth never.
Your monotone speaks joy and grief,
And failure and endeavour —
Swing on, old pendulum, to and fro,
Forever and forever.

Long as you swing shall earth be glad,
And men be partly good and bad,
And each hour that passes by,
A thousand souls be born and die;
Die from the earth, to live, we trust,
Unshackled, unallied with dust.

Long as you swing shall wrong come right,
As sure as morning follows night;
The day goes wrong — the ages never —
Swing on, old pendulum, forever.

Public Opinion.

COD-LIVER OIL.

"On the bleak shore of Norway, I've lately been
told,
Large numbers of cod-fish are found,
And the animals' livers are afterwards sold
At so many 'pennings' per pound;
From which is extracted, with infinite toil,
A villainous fluid called cod-liver oil!

"Now, I don't mind a powder, a pill, or a
draught —
Though I mingle the former with jam —
And many's the mixture I've cheerfully quaff'd,
And the pill I have gulp'd like a lamb.
But then I envelop my pills in tin-foil,
And I can't do the same with my cod-liver oil!

"In the course of my lifetime I've swallow'd
enough
To have floated a ship of the line,
And it's purely the fault of this horrible stuff
That I've ceased to enjoy ginger wine.
For how can you wonder to see me recoil
From a liquor I mix'd with my cod-liver oil?

"There are few deeds of daring from which I
should quail —
There are few things I'd tremble to do —
But there's one kind of tonic that makes me
turn pale,
And quite spoils my appetite, too;
But, you see, just at present, I've got none to
spoil —
So I don't mind alluding to cod-liver oil!"
Spectator.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER IS HERE.

"My mother is here!"

A dewy atmosphere of inexhaustible freshness encompassed Eric; he heard the voice of a child awakening from a dream, and yet it was he himself who had spoken. He closed his eyes, and went back in thought to the days of childhood; all that had since excited and oppressed his spirit was torn into fragments, and had sunk out of sight.

"My mother is here!"

This was now a call of duty. Eric stood by Roland's bedside; it was never necessary for him to speak in order to waken him, for as soon as he looked directly upon him, Roland waked up. Now he opened his eyes, and his first words were:—

"Thy mother is here!"

Eric heard these same words, now spoken by another, which he had heard in his own dreamy reverie, and, placing his hand upon the brow of the youth, he regarded him with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow. Why has this poor rich boy not the blessedness of a mother's love?

The new day received its consecration, for Eric and Roland began it by going to give a greeting to the mother.

As they were walking along the river, Roland shouted across it:—

"Father Rhine! Eric's mother is here!"

Eric smiled; the youth's face was all aglow.

They went to the mother as to a temple, and they came away from her as from a temple, for this gentle, peaceful spirit conveyed a benediction in every word, in every movement of the hand, in every glance of the eye; and she it was who appealed to the sanctity of established rule, and the persistent continuance in duty, for she said to them that she should regard it as the most perfect proof of love and loyal attachment, if they would go on with their work to-day just as they did yesterday; in every situation in life, whether in tribulation or in gladness, the appointed duty must be performed.

They were again seated at their work, and they read together, to-day, the return of Ulysses to Ithaca. Eric was somewhat absent, for everything took the hue of the feeling that he was with his mother; he overcame this,—he would be wholly engaged in what was before him, but he caught himself unexpectedly drawn away in this direction as he looked at Roland. "Ah! why can you not have the same feeling? The best refreshment and blessing for a human being is the mother's love. Every other love must be sued for, be obtained by conquest,

be earned, be struggled for through obstacles; a mother's love alone one has always unsought and undeserved."

Now Bella came again into his mind. Eric hoped to have annihilated everything in himself that was false to human nature and to purity, and summoning up a greater strength than ever, a strength obtained by hard wrestling, he devoted himself to the work of instruction, and succeeded in projecting himself and the youth into the life of another, so that they forgot everything immediately around them.

At noon, the realization of the mother's presence came to them as a fresh gift. They were in the garden together; Frau Ceres was not visible, and she begged, through Fräulein Perini, to be excused. Sonnenkamp smiled, for he knew that it had never occurred to Frau Ceres to send an excuse, and that Fräulein Perini had done it of her own accord; and it was well for her to do so, he thought, for the refractory disposition of his wife led her to turn away from the guests intruding upon her privacy, and her strong point was in declining; she allowed nothing to approach her. Fräulein Perini manifestly took very great pains to render herself as agreeable as possible to the Professor's widow, and was grateful as a child when she was shown how to execute a new piece of handiwork.

The Cabinetsrätin served as a very excellent means of bringing them together. There was something exceedingly captivating in the way in which she so very modestly placed herself as the inferior of the Professorin, giving to her the position of honor which she might perhaps have attained as a right, but which was now conceded to her by sovereign grace; for the Cabinetsrätin repeatedly said, that the Professorin had been the first lady at the court in her day, and that even now, if the court circle wanted to specify any exalted excellence, they pointed to her. She found herself, at first, put under some degree of constraint by being placed upon such an elevated pinnacle, but she was grateful to the illustrious lady for her evident endeavor to convert her condition of dependence and poverty into one which was regarded with respectful homage.

Fräulein Perini herself was subdued by this character so calmly dignified, this countenance so placid and open, so beaming with youthful brightness, so benignantly radiant that nothing unworthy or impure could approach; and in this countenance the heart manifested itself, always young, full of the inspiration that had been awakened by the ideal life of her husband, and that was now called forth by the presence of her

son. She said the simplest things with such charming grace, that they appeared to be of great importance, and with such freshness, that it seemed as if this were the first time they had ever been known.

While they were together at noon, a letter came from Bella. She sent a welcome to the Professor's widow, and appointed the next day for a visit.

Frau Dournay wished to send back an answer by the messenger, but he had been immediately sent off, no one knew why. It was Sonnenkamp who had given the order, and when she despatched her letter through a messenger attached to the house, it strayed first into Sonnenkamp's cabinet, who understood how to open it very dexterously, and who read with great satisfaction the reply which was no less decided than it was delicate in expression. Sonnenkamp smiled as he read where the lady laid stress upon the fact that she was the guest of the family, received as such in the kindest manner, and begged that the promised visit might be made to them, and to herself as their visitor.

Sonnenkamp smiled again and again, for he confidently expected that the Professor's widow would compel the whole neighborhood to accept himself, finally, as a member, in full standing, of their social body.

CHAPTER II.

THE IGNORANT IS READY TO BE TAUGHT.

SONNENKAMP went from his cabinet to the room of Frau Ceres; she sent word to him in the ante-chamber by a maid, that she desired to see no one. Paying no attention to the message, he went in and found her lying on the sofa, with the curtains drawn, so that in the large room there was a dusky twilight. Frau Ceres looked at him with her large dark eyes, but spoke not a word, only extending to him her delicate, small hand with long finger-nails. He kissed the hand, and then seated himself by the side of his wife.

There was silence for some time, and then he began to explain to her that a nearer approach was to be made to the accomplishment of his plan through the guest now in the house, for this lady's hand would open the folding-doors of the apartments of the princely palace.

At the mention of the palace, Frau Ceres raised herself a little; her restless look showed how she was stirred by hope; for, beyond the sea, and in all his devious wanderings, Sonnenkamp had always held before his wife this idea, like some bright

fairy-tale, that she would be able to enter into the court-circle, and it seemed to her as if she were to be introduced into some heavenly sphere, where everything was resplendent and glorious, a perpetual round of godlike existence. Such was the idea Frau Ceres had entertained of court-life. She was aware now that this was an exaggerated notion, but, wherever she went, she heard of this good fortune, and saw that every one was striving towards the court-circle, and she was angry with her husband, that his promises made so often and so long ago had never been fulfilled. They came to Europe; they had retired into seclusion, where people said everything was so beautiful, but whence she was continually expecting to be summoned to Court.

Why is there so long delay? Why are people so distant? Even Bella, the only one who exhibited any friendliness, treated her like a parrot, like some strange bird whose bright plumage she was amused with, but with whom she had nothing more to do than from time to time to give it a lump of sugar, and address to it some casual, pretty word. Even the recollection of her having surpassed all others in splendor at the fête of Herr von Endlich was only half satisfactory to Frau Ceres.

In the midst of all her apparent listlessness and want of interest in external things, she was continually harping upon one thought, and this thought had been instilled into her by Sonnenkamp; but it had become stronger than he desired, taking exclusive possession of her being.

He understood how to represent in a very plausible way, that the Professorin—to whom the Cabinetsträthin herself looked up, because she had been the favorite and most influential lady of the Court, even the friend and confidante of the Princess-dowager—that this lady would give to the whole family a new splendor, and surely be the means of their attaining the desired end.

Sonnenkamp succeeded in impressing her so deeply with his sagacity, that Frau Ceres at last yielded, saying,—

"You are, in fact, very wise. I will speak to the tutor's mother."

He now proceeded to give some instructions, how she should bear herself towards her, but, like a spoiled child,—even almost like an irrational animal, Frau Ceres shrieked out, clapped her hands, stamped her feet, crying,—

"I won't have any instructions! not a word more! Bring the lady to me!"

Sonnenkamp went to the Widow, deeply moved and troubled; he wanted to give to her some directions in regard to her inter-

view with his wife, but was afraid of every hint, and only said, —

"My dear little wife has been a little spoiled, and is very nervous."

Eric's mother visited Frau Ceres, and found her lying quietly upon the sofa; she had sense enough to know that the less demonstrative one is, the more effect does one produce upon others.

When the visitor on entering made a very graceful courtesy, Frau Ceres suddenly forgot everything, and before a word could be said, she cried, —

"You must teach me that! I would like to courtesy in that way. Is not that the way they do at Court?"

The visitor knew not what to reply. Is this something worse than a nervous person, — is she insane? She retained self-command enough, however, to say: —

"I can very well conceive that our forms must be rather strange to you, in your free Republic; I think that it is better at the first interview to shake hands."

She extended her hand, which Frau Ceres took, and rose as if forgetting herself.

"You are ill, I will not disturb you any longer," said the Professor's widow.

Frau Ceres considered it would be better to pass for a sick person, and said, —

"Ah, yes! I am always ill. But I beseech you, remain."

And when the Mother now addressed her, the sound of her voice, its tones of deep feeling, made such an impression upon her excitable nature, that she closed her eyes, and when she opened them, great tear-drops stood upon her long lashes.

The Mother expressed her regret that she had made her shed tears, but Frau Ceres shook her head violently.

"No, no, I thank you. I have not been able to weep for years — these tears have lain here — here." She struck her bosom with violence. "I thank you."

The Mother wanted now to withdraw, but Frau Ceres rose up quickly, went up to her as she stood there struck with astonishment, and shrinking as if from a crazy person, fell on her knees before her, and kissed her hand, crying, —

"Protect me! Be a mother to me; I have never called any one mother; I have never known a mother."

The Mother raised her up, saying, —

"My child, I can be a mother to you — I can and will. I am happy that such fair tasks are assigned me here, tasks that I can lovingly fulfil. But now be composed."

She led Frau Ceres back to the sofa, carefully helped her to lie down, and covered her with a large shawl; it was an odd com-

plication of soft cushions in which she always lay muffled, as if she were buried.

She held the Mother's hand fast, and sobbed without cessation.

The Mother now extolled their happiness in having each of them such a son, speaking less of Eric than of Roland; and as she went on to relate how in the twilight he had appeared like the transfigured form of her own dead child, Frau Ceres turned towards her and kissed her hand. She proceeded quietly to speak of herself as a person of many peculiarities, which rendered it no easy thing for any one to live with her; she had been in the habit of being too much alone, and she feared that she was not young enough and had not animal spirits sufficient to be the companion of a lady who had every claim to the brilliancy and joy of a stirring life.

Frau Ceres requested her to draw back the curtains a little, and as she saw her more plainly she smiled; but immediately her countenance, with the fine, half-opened mouth, assumed again the listless look which was its habitual expression; she took the fan and fanned herself.

At last she said, —

"Ah yes, to learn! You cannot think how stupid I am, and yet I would so like to be clever, and I would have learned so many things, but he never wanted me to, and has not let me learn anything, and always said: 'You are fairest and dearest to me just as you are.' Yes, it may be to him, but not to myself. If Madame Perini were not so kind, I don't know indeed what I should do. Do you play whist? Do you love nature? I am very simple, am I not?"

Perhaps Frau Ceres expected that the mother would contradict her, but she did not, only saying: —

"If there is anything that I can teach you, I'll do it cheerfully. I have known other ladies like yourself, and I could tell you why you are always ailing."

"Why! Do you know that? you?"

"Yes, but it is not flattering."

"Ah, no matter; tell me."

"My dear child, you are all the time ill, because you are all the time idle. If a person has nothing to do, then his health gives him something to do."

"Oh, you are wise, but I am weak," said Frau Ceres.

And there was in her an utter helplessness and weakness; she looked upon herself, and was looked upon by Sonnenkamp, as a fragile toy; and at the same time she was indolent, and the least effort was a burden to her. She did not know whether

to hear or to see required the greater exertion; but she found the latter the greater bore, for while one was reading one must hold the book and hold one's self in a particular position, and therefore she always let Fräulein Perini read aloud to her; this had the advantage that one could go to sleep whenever there was the inclination.

This was the case now.

Whilst the Mother was speaking, Frau Ceres suddenly let go her hand, and it was soon evident that the reclining one had fallen asleep; Frau Dournay sat there in that chamber furnished splendidly and richly as if it were an apartment in some fairy tale. She held her breath, and did not know what course to take. What is the meaning of all this? Here are riddles in plenty. She did not dare to change her position, for she was afraid of waking the sleeper. The latter turned now and said, —

"Ah, go now, go now, — I will come down soon myself." She left the room.

Sonnenkamp was waiting for her outside.

"How did she seem?" he asked anxiously.

"Very gentle and quiet," replied the Mother. "But I have one request. I hope to cure the excitability or lassitude of your wife, but I beg you never to ask me what we have said to each other. If I am to gain her entire confidence, I must be able to say to her in good faith, that what she tells me is told to me alone; and that what she imparts to me will never pass my lips. Are you willing to promise that we ladies shall do as we like together?"

"Yes," answered Sonnenkamp. It seemed hard for him to consent, but he felt that he must.

CHAPTER III.

A NEIGHBOR SECURED.

FRANKEN came the next day, and when he met the widow of the Professor, summoned to his aid his most polished manner; she gave him to understand at once, that she regarded him as a son of the house. She did this with so much delicacy and such a charming tact, that Franken was extremely delighted.

When she thanked him for having been the means of obtaining such a position for Eric, he declined receiving any thanks for what he had done, as it was only a trifling amount toward the payment of his debt to the late Professor, to whom he owed all the culture he possessed.

He said this with a tone that entirely won the Widow's heart; she could make allowance for the exaggeration of politeness, but

she felt there was a basis of sincerity, inasmuch as no one, unless he were utterly abandoned, could have come within the sphere of her husband's voice and eye, without receiving therefrom a good influence for life.

Franken spoke of his brother-in-law and his sister, and how much Eric was liked and loved at Wolfsgarten; and he conveyed in a happy turn, how much he expected the lady's presence would effect in composing and calming the recently excited and disturbed state of his sister. He hinted at this very guardedly, representing only how difficult a task it is to live with an elderly man, even a very noble one, and how in some unexpected way the apparent harmony might be disturbed.

She understood more than Franken imagined, and she was very glad to find the young man disposed, in the retirement of country life, to a deeper consideration of the influence of one human being upon another.

Franken could not refrain from disclosing something of his religious transformation, but he did it as an act of special confidence. There was suddenly presented to him the vision of this lady near Manna, who would lay open to her her whole soul, and would be assured that he acknowledged his inward change to the whole world; and it just occurred to him now, that the Superior had spoken in high praise of this lady in Manna's presence. A smile came upon his lips, for he thought how excellent a use could be made of her in diverting Manna from her childish intention of taking the veil, although it was in every way to be deplored that this lady was not a member of the same church.

He then invited the Professor's widow, by Sonnenkamp's request, to drive with them to the country-house which the Cabinetsrathin — he corrected himself immediately and said the Cabinetsrath — thought of purchasing; she would certainly do her part towards securing such an agreeable neighbor for Herr Sonnenkamp. Her objection, that she was hardly yet settled, was flatteringly set aside.

The carriage drove up.

The Cabinetsrathin and Sonnenkamp entered, and the mother must drive with them to the villa now for sale. They were in extreme good humor on the way, but involuntarily there came over Eric's mother the thought that she was mixed up in some sort of intrigue, and that her simplicity was made use of for some interested purpose. What it was, she was wholly ignorant. She felt serious anxiety, and this positively in-

creased when Sonnenkamp said, as they entered the house, that it belonged to him, and he was glad to be able to pass it over to his noble neighbor.

What does this mean? Has a surprise been prepared for her? Does Sonnenkamp mean to give her the house?

She was soon aware of her mistake, for the Cabinetsrathin immediately proceeded to assign the rooms to herself, her husband, and her children. She had two sons in the army, and one invalid daughter; rooms were also designated for her grandchildren, and when she was looking for a choice spot for herself, Sonnenkamp promised to have the grounds laid out anew. She was amazed to find what capabilities the grounds possessed.

Sonnenkamp was extremely complaisant; it had been, indeed, his desire to reserve the country-seat as the payment for his patent of nobility,—for the sum to be paid by the Cabinetsrath was merely nominal,—but he had been obliged to give way to Pranken's representations that this was utterly impracticable, and that it was much wiser to be on neighborly terms with so influential a man, as thus every thing would come about much more naturally.

The Cabinetsrathin sat with the Professor's widow in the garden, and endeavored to impress upon her that she would surely be glad, through her great influence, to aid the Sonnenkamp family in obtaining the rank which was their due; at first she went no farther, but it was her fixed plan that the widow should apply the main lever, and that neither she nor her husband should take a prominent part. Should the plan miscarry, they would remain concealed, and the learned widow, who was reputed as somewhat erratic, would be the only one committed.

Under high-sounding and lofty expressions of magnanimity and disinterestedness, there was a hidden policy not easily unravelled.

When Pranken was alone with Sonnenkamp and the Cabinetsrathin, Sonnenkamp smiled, as one does who considers it a good joke to allow himself for once to be circumvented. He listened in a very friendly way while Pranken was representing to him that the Cabinetsrath must be put in possession of the house at once, for if it were done later, either shortly before or shortly after the consummation of their wishes, it would give rise to scandalous remarks.

Sonnenkamp smilingly congratulated his young friend on being so well-fitted for a diplomatic career; it was not denied by Pranken that he should adopt that as his employment, rather than the life of a

landed proprietor, provided it could be done with the consent of those nearest to him, and of his fatherly friend, as he termed Sonnenkamp.

Pranken knew a very accommodating notary, who came that very evening.

The purchase was concluded, and the Cabinetsrath was the neighbor of Herr Sonnenkamp.

As Sonnenkamp was taking a walk with Pranken in the mild evening, the latter for the first time shrank from his expected father-in-law, when he said,—

"My dear young friend, you must certainly have had something to do with usurers before this. I know these tender-hearted brethren; they hang together like a secret priesthood. But I would say to you, that the most delectable insight into the so-called human soul would be furnished by a history of bribery. I am acquainted with the different nations and races, I have tried it everywhere, and it has hardly ever been unsuccessful."

Pranken looked strangely at the man. He had confidence in him, but that he should speak so freely of the bribery of all nations disturbed him somewhat, and it pained him greatly to think that he himself was to be son of such a man.

Sonnenkamp continued good-humoredly,

"You evidently entertain the old prejudice that bribery is a bad thing, just as a little while ago usury was regarded to be. It's nothing but a matter of business, and it's a stupid thing for the government to require an oath from persons, that their transactions shall not be affected by any receiving of money. As far as I am concerned, it may be, and it usually is, with the judges, only a matter of form; when it comes to that point, a rich man knows how to get off, provided he hasn't foolishly gone too far. It's very curious, that among other nations, among the Romans and the Slaves, men took the offered money, and, under some form or other, gave an opportunity for competition in bidding; but among the simpering Germanic people, the women are employed in this business. Of course! Among no people in the world are so many cows employed in agriculture as among the Germans, and in this business, too, they harness in the cows. Here the lady must be applied to in extremely gallant style, and I must confess that I would much rather deal with the women, for they keep their word; there's nothing more common than to give a bribe, and to have the bribee fail to keep his promise, unless another is added just as large. My father —"

Pranken started. For the first time in

his life, Sonnenkamp spoke of his father, but he went on quietly, —

"My father was a connoisseur in the art of bribery, and in Poland his way was, to give a man a note for a hundred or a thousand dollars, as it might be, but he tore the note in two, kept one part himself and gave the other to the person bribed, surrendering his own half only when he had gained his end. You do not think it is necessary to divide thus with the Cabinetsrätin?"

Pranken felt hurt to hear a lady of the nobility pointed out and arraigned in this style. He gave Sonnenkamp the most conclusive assurances, who said further, —

"All proceeds in a regular order, and what is designated by the old-fashioned word bribery, is a necessary consequence of an advanced civilization. As soon as a people enters into complex relations, bribery is there, must be there, sometimes open, sometimes concealed; and I know this, that nothing has a greater variety of forms than bribery."

As Pranken stood there in fixed amazement, Sonnenkamp, taking his arm, continued, —

"Young friend, it is the same thing whether I buy an agent or a vote for my election as member of Parliament or of Congress, or whether I buy an agent or a vote to make me a noble. In America we are more open about it. Why should not this Cabinetsrath and his spouse make some profit out of their position? Their position is their whole property and capital. I am glad — it's all in order. In Germany you are obliged to cloak matters over respectably. It's all the same. If you take up the diplomatic career, as I hope you will, I shall be able to give you a good many lessons."

Pranken declared himself ready to learn a great deal, but inwardly he had an inexpressible dread of this man, and this dread changed into contempt. He proposed to himself, if he ever married Manna, to keep away from this man as far as possible.

Sonnenkamp was so happy in finding a fresh confirmation of his knowledge of men, that he endeavored to impart it to his own son.

The next morning, as they were leaving the breakfast-table, at which the Cabinetsrätin had been present, he took Roland with him into the park, saying to him, —

"Look, these noble people! All a pure cheat! This Cabinetsrath and his family, they are beggars, and I make them persons of property. Don't let it out, but you ought to know it. They are all a rabble; great and small, high and low, they are all wait-

ing to have an offer for their souls as they call them. Every one in the world is to be had for money."

He took delight in dwelling upon this at length; he had not the remotest conception what a deep commotion and revolution this was exciting in the youth's soul.

Roland sat speechless, and Sonnenkamp turned over in his mind whether he had acted properly, but soon quieted his doubts. Religion, virtue, all is an illusion. Some — this Herr Dournay is one of that number — still believe in their illusions, and impose upon themselves and upon the world. It is better, he quieted himself in conclusion, that Roland should know all to be a mere illusion.

CHAPTER IV.

A DIFFERENT ATMOSPHERE.

AFTER the first days, the Mother understood what her son meant when he complained of the difficulty of maintaining a steady and firm hold upon thought, in the midst of the distractions with which he had to contend, like those upon a journey. In such a house as this, with extensive possessions and a great variety of duties, that devotion of the mind, which is so necessary for the thorough acquisition of any branch of knowledge, is continually interfered with, and it is even difficult, in such relations, not to lose one's self. Without laying out any programme, at any rate without any announcement of one, she resolved to regulate her own method of living; only when one possesses himself can he have anything to supply to the calls of others.

Eric and Roland went every day to bid her good-morning, and a consecrated sphere soon encompassed the mother; whoever approached her acquired, in a degree, a nobler bearing, and pitched his conversation to a musical and well-tuned key. She had sterling good sense, without any claim to originality or genius either in her own eyes or those of others; her mind was not intuitional but logical, and what she comprehended and discovered by investigation appeared to her to be necessarily true; she made as little show of knowledge as of dress, for it is a matter of course that one should be neatly dressed.

Chasteness, in the highest and purest signification of the word, was the impression which the Mother made, both in regard to her external appearance and her inner being; she was pure in thought, and pure in feeling; she had been for thirteen years a lady of the court, and knew the world; but she retained something of an ideal atmos-

there; she knew vice and believed in virtue; she was quick and cautious, ready to accept the gage of battle, and nobly yielding, at the same time.

If she were externally and superficially compared with Bella, the older lady would be at a disadvantage; but on a nearer consideration, she had something satisfying in her presence and conversation, while Bella was only exciting.

Bella not only desired to excite attention to her personal appearance and her sentiments, but she was also fond of proposing subjects for discussion, and propounding the most difficult questions; she was always putting something forth and making a stir. She gave very cursory and off-hand replies to what was said to her, and could set out in good style what she heard, so as to be extremely taking at the first acquaintance, but a longer familiarity with her showed that it was merely fluent talk.

The Professorin, on the other hand, made no demands, was grateful for all that was offered, and was ready to lend it serious thought.

Externally, the ladies could hardly be compared, for the personal appearance of the Professorin was not what would be called distinguished; she was somewhat plump in figure, of a pale blonde complexion, and that fresh purity of look which one sees portrayed in the pictures of well-preserved women of Holland. Her strongest characteristic was a uniform reserve; she could listen quietly to every communication, and she could withhold her reply, if she had any opinion to express, until she had patiently heard all that was to be said.

When questions were addressed immediately to her, to which she did not want to give a direct reply, she had the faculty of not seeming to hear them; and if she were pressed to give a decided reply, she answered only just so far as she thought best, never allowing herself to be urged beyond a prescribed limit.

She soon became the centre of the circle. The fundamental trait which characterized all that she said and did was truthfulness; she never spoke for effect, she never smiled when there was nothing to smile at; she gave to every utterance of her own the natural tone, and to every utterance of others the requisite degree of attention. This truthfulness was not compromised in the least by her reserve, for she never violated the truth in the smallest particular, and it is not necessary to speak out everything that one knows and thinks. This is not craftiness; it is rather the simple dictate of prudence, and prudence is a virtue too; it is

the same thing as goodness; nature herself is prudent, that is to say, veiled.

She was very happy to indulge and cultivate her fondness for botany by means of Sonnenkamp's splendid collection of plants, and his essentially valuable communications.

The Mother and Aunt lived together in perfect harmony, and yet were very different in character; and as they had very different spheres of knowledge in which they found enlivenment, so also they had different spheres of life. Their amateur-pursuits were the two most beautiful in the whole circle of sciences. The Professorin was a botanist, Aunt Claudine an astronomer, sedulously avoiding, indeed, every appearance of the bluestocking; she passed many silent evenings in the tower making observations of her own, generally through a small telescope, without any one's being aware of the fact.

The Professorin took delight in spending several hours every day in the hot-houses, and among the rare imported plants; and when Sonnenkamp one day showed her his method of training fruit-trees, she did not express admiration and astonishment as other people did, but exhibited a great proficiency in the knowledge of the new French art of gardening, and remarked how peculiar it was that the restless French people, when they withdrew from the whirl of active life, should devote themselves with such tender and persistent care to the cultivation of fruit. Sonnenkamp's countenance gleamed with pleasure, when she maintained that in orcharding, as he practised it, there was the unfolding of a talent for military generalship, inasmuch as he was called upon to decide what part of the fruit should be allowed to mature, and what should be sacrificed and removed in its unripe state in order that the rest might thrive.

Sonnenkamp expressed himself as very much obliged for the compliment, but he smiled inwardly, thinking that he saw through the fine courtly breeding; that this lady, before she came there, had read up in his favorite pursuit, in order to render herself agreeable to him. He received this homage in an apparently natural way, as if he regarded it as sincere; but he determined not to allow himself to be taken in by any such arts.

He meant to offset politeness with politeness; and he hastened to place everything in a friendly way at the disposal of the Mother and Aunt Claudine.

Towards Frau Ceres the Professorin soon established a definite line of conduct, allowing her to claim but a limited portion of

her time; and now Frau Ceres went into other rooms than her own apartments, which she had never done before, and she frequently went to ask the Mother if she might pay her a visit; the request was sometimes granted and sometimes refused.

Frau Ceres soon felt her mental influence, for she was always interested in some thought or other; she was like a priestess whose vocation it was to cherish perpetually a little flame upon an altar. When Frau Ceres was eager to make this and that inquiry about life at Court, the Professorin was able, in an unlooked-for way, to arouse her to think, and take an interest in general matters.

The Aunt, who was very reserved in her manners, brought a new element of life into the house. The grand-piano in the music-saloon, that had lain so long idle, now sent forth clear and brilliant tones; and Roland, who had wholly neglected musical practice, entered into it with zest, and became the aunt's scholar. The house, formerly called dry by Eric because it was void of music, was now refreshed and steeped in harmony; it was a cheerful time with the new guests. Sonnenkamp's countenance acquired an expression of satisfaction such as it had never worn before, when Frau Ceres, sitting by him in the music-saloon, said, —

"I cannot conceive how it used to be before these noble ladies were here."

One day, after Aunt Claudine had played beautifully, and had repeated a piece twice at Eric's request, Frau Ceres said to the mother: —

"I envy you, that you can so comprehend and enjoy all this."

She evidently plumed herself upon this little formula learned by heart, but the Professorin unintentionally stripped off this pretty adornment by saying: —

"Each one has his own satisfaction, either in nature or in art, if he is only true to himself. It is not necessary to understand and know a thing thoroughly before one can derive pleasure from it. I take delight in these mountains, without knowing how high they are, and what strata they are composed of, and many other things that men of science are acquainted with. So you can take pleasure in music. Endeavor first of all to get the simple truth, and try after nothing farther, and everything else will be yours."

No one imagined, not even Frau Ceres herself, that she went out of the music-saloon to-day a different being; for no one is able to say what word will have a direct influence upon a thirsting, aspiring, and receptive heart and mind. Frau Ceres was

not conscious of the real change in herself; without learning, without acquirements, one can enter into the joys of life and of knowledge through one's own natural susceptibilities.

The quiet, healthful life of the house was suddenly broken in upon; a carriage rattled on the gravel of the courtyard; a silken train rustled: Bella and her husband made their appearance.

CHAPTER V.

A DOUBLE GAME.

LIKE a bit of a home in a foreign land comes a meeting with friends among new surroundings, and the visit of Bella and Clodwig was a true pleasure to Frau Dournay; Bella embraced her rather impetuously, while Clodwig took her hand in both of his.

"But where is Eric?" asked Bella very soon, holding the Aunt's hand fast, as if she must cling to something.

With an uneasy glance first at Clodwig, then at Bella, the Mother answered that it was a rule not to allow the study-hours to be interrupted even by so pleasant a family occurrence as their welcome visit; she emphasized the word *family*, and Sonnenkamp, acknowledging it with a bow, said that an exception might be made to-day, but Clodwig himself begged that this should not be. Bella dropped the Aunt's hand, and stood with downcast eyes, while the Professor's widow watched her closely.

Bella looked fresh and animated; she was in full dress, and wore a large cape of sky-blue silk, under which her bare arm was seen in all its roundness.

They went into the garden, and Sonnenkamp was pleased to hear Frau Dournay explaining his system of horticulture, but he left them in order to announce their visit to his wife, wishing to use every effort to prevent her declaring herself ill.

Bella walked with the Mother, and Clodwig with Aunt Claudine, with whom he was soon in animated conversation. The Aunt, who was an accomplished piano player, was herself something like a piano, upon which children or artists can play, but which, if no one wished to do so, remains quietly in the background.

Bella asked Frau Dournay many questions as to the impression which all the family made upon her, but as she received only indirect answers: she talked much herself; her cheeks glowed, she let her cape fall a little, and her beautiful full shoulders were seen.

"It's a pity that Clodwig didn't know

your sister-in-law earlier," she suddenly said.

"He did know her well, and, unfortunately for herself, she was, as you know, a much-admired belle at court; but that was long before your time."

Bella was silent; Frau Dournay threw a quick searching glance at her. What was passing within her? what did this restless fluttering from one subject to another mean?

Eric and Roland came; Bella quickly drew her cape over her shoulders again, and folded her arms tightly under it, hardly giving Eric the tips of her fingers.

Roland was extremely lively, but Eric seemed very serious; whenever he looked at Bella, he turned away his eyes again directly. She congratulated him on his mother's arrival, and said, —

"I think if a stranger met you, even in travelling, he would feel that you are still happy enough to have a mother; and what a mother she is! A man seems to lose a nameless fragrance when his mother is lost to him."

Bella said this with a tone of feeling, and yet her mouth wore a peculiar smile, and her eyes seemed to seek applause for these ideas.

Sonnenkamp joined them, and, stroking his chin with an air of satisfaction, asked the ladies to come to his wife, who felt quite revived by a visit from such guests. He proposed that the gentlemen should drive with him to the castle, to take a view of the progress of the building, and of the place where the Roman antiquities had been found. Bella merrily upbraided Sonnenkamp for robbing her of her pleasant guests, then she went with the ladies to the garden-parlor, while the gentlemen proceeded to the castle. Frau Ceres was soon ready to go with them to the music-room, where the Aunt readily consented to play to them; Bella sat between Frau Dournay and Frau Ceres, while Fräulein Perini stood near the piano.

When the first piece came to an end, Bella asked: —

"Fräulein Dournay, do you ever play accompaniments for your nephew?"

The Aunt answered in the negative. Again the Mother threw a quick look at Bella, who seemed to be thinking constantly of Eric, and not to be able, nor indeed to wish, to conceal it. While Fräulein Dournay was playing again, Bella said to the mother: —

"You must give me something of yourself; let me have your sister-in-law at Wolfsgarten."

"I have no right to dispose of my sister. But, pardon me, a word spoken while she is playing annoys her, though she makes no claim for herself in any other respect."

Bella was silent, and Frau Dournay also; but while listening to a refreshing bit of Mozart's music, their thoughts took very different paths. What Bella's were could hardly be defined; her whole being was thrilling with joy and pain, renunciation and defiance. The Professorin owned that her instinctive perceptions were confirmed, though she felt as if they left a stain upon herself.

When the piece was finished, Bella said:

"Ah, Mozart is a happy being; hard as his life may have been, he was happy always, and he still makes others happy whenever they listen to him; even his sorrow and mourning have a certain harmonious serenity. Did your husband love music too?"

"Oh, yes; he often said that men in modern times express in music that imaginative romance of the human heart which the ancients wove into their myths. Music transports us into a world far removed from all palpable and visible existence, and transports us waking into the land of dreams."

They went out upon the balcony, and played with the parrots; Bella told one of them a marvellous story of a cousin at Wolfsgarten, which lived in a wonderful cage, sometimes flying off into the woods; but it was too gentlemanly to get its own living there, and always came back to its golden cage.

Bella's cheeks burned hotter and hotter; her lips trembled, and all at once it occurred to her that she must settle the matter then. She spoke to Mother and Aunt so earnestly, and yet with such childlike entreaties, that they at last agreed that the Aunt should go to her, within a few days, and remain as her guest.

"You will see," she said, in low but half triumphant tone to the mother, "Fräulein Dournay will be Clodwig's best friend; they are exactly made for each other."

Frau Dournay looked fixedly at her. Has it come to this, that the wife wishes to give a compensation to her husband!

CHAPTER VI.

A TROUBLED BUT HOPEFUL MOTHER.

THE ladies withdrew to dress for dinner. Frau Dournay had let down her long gray hair, and sat some time speechless in her dressing-room, with her hands folded in her lap. It seemed to her as if her brain

had received a heavy blow from what she had become convinced of by unmistakable indications. Her heart contracted, and her tears forced themselves into her eyes, though they would not fall. Was it for this that a child was cherished, guarded, and nurtured by all that was best, that he might end thus? No, not end, — begin an endless entanglement which must lead to utter ruin. Was it for this that a mind was endowed with all the treasures of knowledge, that they might be turned into toys, and masks, and cloaks of baseness?

"O my God, my God!" she moaned, and covered her face with her hands.

Before her mind's eye everything seemed laid waste, — the pure, free, upright, noble nature of Eric, and her own as well. She could feel no more joy in the glance, the words, the learning, of her son; he had used them all for falsehood and treachery.

Now the tears fell from her eyes, as she thought what her husband would have said to this. How often had he lamented that every one said: "The world is bad and totally corrupt; why should I alone separate myself and deny myself its pleasures?" And so every one became an upholder of the empire of sin." But how the ruin embraces everything! This noble-hearted Clodwig, with his unexampled friendship — they must meet him, greet him, talk with him, and yet wish him dead. Shame! And he goes on teaching the boy, teaching him to rule himself, and to work with noble aim for others, while he himself — oh horrible! And this passionate woman who could not endure to devote herself to the best of men, what was to become of her? And this Sonnenkamp, and his wife, and Fräulein Perini, and the Priest? "Look," they would all cry, "Look! these are the liberal souls! These are the people who are always talking about humanity, and beneficently work for it; and meanwhile they cherish the lowest passions: they shrink from no treachery, no lies, no hypocrisy!"

Oh, these unhappy wives, these wives who call themselves unhappy! There runs through our time a great ke concerning the unhappy wife. The fact is this: girls want a husband of wealth and standing, and a young and brilliant lover besides. Why will they not marry poor men? Because they can give them no fine establishment. And these men, who offer themselves as lovers, —

"Lovers!" she exclaimed aloud. Frau Dournay sprang quickly up and rang the bell violently, for she heard the carriage drive into the court. She told the servant to ask her son to come to her directly.

Eric came, looking much excited; he gazed in astonishment at his mother, whom he had never seen looking as she did now, with her long hair hanging loose, and her face looking gray like her hair.

"Sit down," she said.

Eric seated himself. His mother pressed her hand to her brow. Could she warn her son plainly? What can a mother, what can parents do, if a child, grown up and free from control, wanders from the right path? And if he has already wandered, can he still be honest? He *must* lie; it would be double baseness if he did not shield himself with lies, — himself and her!

"My dear son," she began, in a constrained tone, "bear with me if I feel lost in this restless life, which has broken in upon my loneliness and quiet. I wonder at your calm strength — But no, I won't speak of that now. What was I going to say to you? Ah, yes, the Countess Wolfsgarten, the wife of our friend," — she laid a quiet but marked emphasis on this word, and paused a moment, then continued, "wishes to have Aunt Claudine go and remain with her."

"That is good! that's excellent!"

"Indeed! and why? Do you forget that it will leave me quite alone in a strange house?"

"But you are never alone, dear mother. And Aunt Claudine can find a noble vocation at Wolfsgarten; Countess Bella is full of unrest, in spite of all the beauty which encompasses her life; a strong, true nature like Aunt Claudine's, steadfast, and bringing peace to others, will soften and compose her as nothing else in the world could do. I acknowledge the sacrifice that you must make, but a good work will be accomplished by it."

His mother's eyes grew less troubled; her face quivered as from an electric shock, as she said smiling: —

"At last we have all found our mission, we are all to be teachers. Let me ask you how Countess Bella, our friend's wife, appears to you."

A two-edged sword went through Eric's heart; he saw how he was bringing a weight upon his mother's spirit. And perhaps Bella had betrayed by some passionate word a feeling which must not exist, and he appeared as a sinner and a traitor! There was a short pause; then his mother asked, with a sudden change of expression, —

"Why do you not answer me?"

"Ah, mother, I am still much more inexperienced than I thought myself; I cannot put absolute trust in my judgment of people. I have no knowledge of human nature,

though my father used to say that psychology was my *forte*. It may be so. I can follow a given trait of character back to its remote causes, and forward to its consequences, but I have no true knowledge of human nature."

The Mother listened quietly, with down-cast eyes, to this long preamble, in which Eric was trying to gain mastery of himself, but when he stopped, she said:—

"You can at least say something, even if it is not very clear-sighted."

"Well, then, I think that in this highly-gifted woman a struggle is going on between worldliness and renunciation of the world; between the desire to *appear* and the longing really to *be*. It seems to me as if something had been repressed, checked, in the development of her life, and as if she were not yet quite ripe for the beautiful work of making life's evening full and perfect to so noble a man as Clodwig."

"Yes, he is a noble man, and to wrong him would be like the desecration of a temple," said his mother significantly.

The words came out sharply, and she went on: "You have judged rightly, the Prankens are a presumptuous and daring race. It was believed that Bella would marry her music-master, with whom she played a great deal; indeed she played with him in a double sense. But that's not to the purpose. An apparently insignificant event brought about in Bella a derangement—I don't know what to call it—a sort of overturn in her character. In her youth, while she might still be considered young,—she was twenty-two or twenty-three—she had to see her younger sister married before her; she bore it with the greatest composure, but I think that, from that time, a change came over her difficult to be described; she had suddenly grown old, older than she would confess to herself; there was something of the matron about her. This was affected, but a bitter tone was real. Her sister died after a few years, leaving no children. All these circumstances brought out something discordant in Bella; she really hated her sister, and yet behaved as if she were pining for her. She had no mother, or rather, she had one whose highest triumph was to hear people say, 'Your daughter is handsome, but not nearly so handsome as you were when you were a girl.' To be handsome is the chief pride of the Prankens. Bella is unfortunately a development of that unhappy class of society, in which people go to the theatre only to satirize and ridicule the performance, to church only to make a formal reverence to the mercy of God; in which women are held in low esteem unless

they are handsome, and know how, as age comes on, to intrigue, and to affect piety. Such a being can say to herself: I have in the course of my life adorned with flowers eight or ten hundred yards of canvas, for perfectly useless sofa-cushions. Is that a life worth living? Now she has no children, no natural fixed duties—"

"And just for these reasons," interrupted Eric, "Aunt Claudine, without knowing it, will have a softening and tranquillizing influence; her calm nature, which never has to renounce, because it never longs for any change, seems just chosen for the work. However highly I value Frau Bella, our friend's wife, for herself, we must think first of all that we are fulfilling a duty to the noble Clodwig; it will establish anew and increase the purity and beauty of his life."

"Well, Aunt Claudine is going to Wolfsgarten; and now leave me, my dear son,—but no, I must tell you something, though it may seem childish. When I saw you running so fast through the garden to-day, I thought of your father's pleasure when he had been on a mountain excursion with you; and once, when you were just eleven, when you had been in Switzerland with him, he said on coming home, that his chief delight had been in seeing you run up and down the mountains without once slipping; and you never did get a fall, though your younger brother was never without some bump or bruise."

It was with a glance of double meaning that she looked at Eric, as she passed her hand over his face.

"But we have talked enough; now go. I must dress for dinner."

She kissed his forehead, and he left her; but outside the door, he stopped and said, with folded hands:—

"I thank you, Eternal Powers, that you have left me my mother: she will save us all."

CHAPTER VII.

STATISTICS OF LOVE.

WHEN they assembled again at the villa, the Doctor chanced to be there. Or was it not mere chance? Did he desire to note accurately, once for all, the relation between Eric and Bella?

He saluted the Professorin with great respect; she said she must confess that her husband, who made a point of mentioning frequently his distant friends, had never uttered, to the best of her recollection, the name of Doctor Richard.

"And yet I was a friend of his," cried the Doctor in a loud tone.

After a while, he said in a low voice: "I must be honest with you, and tell you that I was only a little acquainted with your husband; but your father-in-law was my teacher. I introduced myself, however, to your son as the friend of your husband, because this seemed to me the readiest way to be of service to him, exposed as he is here, in the house and in its connections, to a variety of perils."

The Professorin warmly expressed her obligation to him, but her heart contracted again. This man had evidently alluded to Bella.

The Artist who had painted the portrait of the Wine-count's daughter was there; and soon the Priest came too, and regret was expressed that the Major could not be present, having gone to celebrate St. John's day in the neighborhood; he considered everything appertaining to the Masonic order in the nature of a military duty.

The company in general were in a genial mood. The Doctor asked the painter how he got along with his picture of Potiphar's wife.

The Artist invited the company to visit shortly the studio, which Herr von Endlich had fitted up for him for the summer months.

"Strange!" cried the Doctor. "We always speak of Potiphar's wife, and we don't know what her own name was; she takes the name of her husband, and you artists don't refrain from painting nude beauties with more or less fidelity. The chaste Joseph presents always an extremely contemptible figure, and perhaps because the world thinks that the chaste Joseph is always a more or less contemptible figure. Æneas and Dido are just such another constellation, but Æneas is not looked upon in so contemptuous a way as the Egyptian Joseph."

It was painful to hear the Doctor talk in this style.

The Priest said:—

"This narrative in the Old Testament is the correlative to that of the adulteress in the New; and after a thousand years, the harmony is rendered complete. The Old Testament strikes the discordant note; the New Testament brings it to the accordant pitch."

Clodwig was exceedingly delighted with this exposition; there was something of the student-nature in him, and he was always enlivened and made happy by any new

view, and any enlargement of his knowledge.

"Herr Priest, and you also, Frau Professorin," cried the Doctor, who was to-day more talkative than ever, "with your great experience of life, you two could render a great service to a friend of mine."

"I?" the priest asked.

"And I?" asked the Professorin.

"Yes, you. Our century has entered upon a wholly new investigation of the laws of the world; and things, circumstances, sentiments, which one would not believe could ever be caught, are now bagged in the statistical net, and must be shown to be conformable to laws. Nothing has been esteemed freer and more incalculable, even incomprehensible, than love and matrimony, and yet there are now exact statistical tables of these; there is an iron law, by which the number of divorces in a year is determined. My friend now goes a step farther, and from facts of his own observation has deduced the conclusion, that marriages in which the man is considerably older than the wife, present a greater average of happy unions than so-called love-matches; now, Herr Priest, and you also, Frau Professorin, think over the list of persons you are acquainted with, and ask yourselves whether you find any confirmation of this law."

The Professorin was silent, but the Priest said that religion alone consecrated marriage; religion alone gave humility, which was the only sure basis of all beautiful intercourse between men themselves, and also between man and God.

The Priest succeeded, continuing the conversation, in diverting it entirely from the subject so flippantly introduced.

Sonnenkamp stated that the Major wished to have a grand masonic celebration in the spacious knight's hall of the castle, when it was completed; he asked in what relation the reigning Prince stood towards Masonry.

Clodwig replied that he himself had formerly belonged to the order, and that the Prince was at present a protector of the brotherhood, without being a member.

The conversation was carried on in groups, and they left the table in a cheerful mood. The Doctor took leave.

It was now settled that the Aunt should go to Wolfsgarten; and, in order to give her time to make preparation for leaving, Clodwig and Bella were to remain over night and take her in the carriage with them on the morrow.

Bella was in very good spirits, and, on Sonnenkamp's offering to present her with a

parrot, requested that it might be the wild-est one, which she promised to tame.

In the evening Roland urged them to take a sail with him on the Rhine. The Aunt and Bella went together; Fräulein Perini withdrew with Frau Ceres; the Professorin remained with Clodwig, and Sonnenkamp excused himself to forward some unfinished letters.

On the boat there were laughter and merriment, in which Bella joined, dipping her hand into the water and playing with her wedding-ring, which she moved up and down on the finger, repeatedly immersing her hand in the Rhine.

"Do you understand what the Doctor was aiming at?" she asked Eric.

"If I had been willing to understand. I should have been obliged to feel offended," he replied.

"Now we are speaking of the Doctor," resumed Bella, "there is one thing I must tell you that I have forgotten to mention before. The Doctor is doughty, unadulterated virtue; but this rough virtue once wanted to pay court to me, and I showed him how ridiculous he made himself. It may very well be, that the man doesn't speak well of me. You ought to know the reason."

Eric was moved in his inmost soul. What does this mean? May this be a wily move to neutralize the physician's opinion? He could not determine.

After a while, Bella asked, —

"Can you tell me why I am now so often low-spirited?"

"The more highly-endowed natures, Aristotle says, are always melancholy," replied Eric.

Bella caught her breath; that was altogether too pedantic an answer to suit her.

They did not succeed in keeping up any continued conversation, but Bella said at one time abruptly to Eric, —

"The visit here of your mother vexes me."

"What! vexes you?"

"Yes, it wounds me that this man with his gold should be able to move people about, here and there, as he does."

Eric had abundant matter of thought in this casual remark.

"You have the happiness to be greatly beloved," said Bella suddenly. Eric looked up alarmed, glancing towards Roland, and Bella continued aloud, —

"Your mother loves you deeply." After a time, she said in a low tone to herself, but Eric heard it, —

"Me no one loves; I know why, — no, I don't know why."

Eric looked her full in the face, then seized an oar and made the water fly with his rowing.

Meanwhile, the mother and Clodwig sat together, and the former expressed her joy that Eric had been thrown into the society of men of such well-tryed experience; in former times, a man could have completed his culture by intercourse with women; but now, that end could be attained only by intercourse with noble men.

They soon passed into those mutual unfoldings of views which are like a perpetual greeting, when two persons have pursued the same spiritual ends apart from each other, in wholly different relations of life, and yet with the same essential tendencies.

The Professorin had known Clodwig's first wife, and recalled her to remembrance in affectionate words. Clodwig looked round to see if Bella was near, for he had never spoken before her of his former wife. It was pure calumny, when it was said that he had promised Bella never to speak of the deceased, for Clodwig was not so weak, nor Bella so hard, as this; it was only out of consideration for her, that he never did it.

In low, half-whispered tones, the conversation flowed on; and finding in each other the same fundamental trait, they agreed that it was happy for human beings here below to pass lightly over what was untoward in their lot, and retain in lively remembrance only what was felicitous.

"Yes," said the Professorin in confirmation, "my husband used often to say, that a Lethe stream flows through the soul buoyant with life, so that the past is forgotten."

It was a season of purest interchange of thought, and of true spiritual communion, for Clodwig and the mother. They were like two beings in the spirit-world, surveying calmly and clearly what had passed in this state of existence. There was nothing painful in the mutual awakening of their recollections, but rather an internal perception of the inexhaustible fullness of life; on this elevated height the sound of desire and plaint was no longer heard, and the individual life with all its personal relations was dissolved into the one element of universal being.

But now there was a diversion, and Clodwig expressed regret at having lived so much a mere spectator, and that he had, without throwing himself into the great current of influence, waited passively in the confident expectation that the idea which was stirring in the world would accomplish, of itself, its own grand fulfilment. He expressed his satisfaction that the young

men of to-day were of a different stamp, and that Eric was to him an inspiring representative of youth as thoughtful as it was bold, as moderate as it was active.

Bella entered just as they happened to refer again to the statistics of love. She was pale, but Clodwig did not perceive it; sitting down near them in silence, she requested them to continue their conversation; but neither the Professorin nor Clodwig resumed the interrupted theme.

Clodwig spoke of Aunt Claudine, asked after her favorite pursuits, and was glad to own a fine telescope, which she could use at Wolfsgarten.

After a brief rest, Bella left them and went into the park.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRUGGLE BETWEEN DUTY AND PASSION.

"I MUST speak with you this evening in the park, under the weeping ash," Eric had said to Bella as they were getting out of the boat.

"This evening?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And in the park, under the weeping ash?"

"Yes."

She had of her own accord placed her arm in his, and they walked together in silence to the villa; then she relinquished his arm, and went straight to Clodwig and the Mother.

She knew not what she desired here, but she was happy, or rather soothed, when she saw them sitting so confidentially together. Yes, she thought, every one who gives an ear to him, and returns a stimulating reply occasionally, is as much to him as I.

She rose and went into the park; she walked about restlessly, knowing that Eric must get released from Roland, in order to keep the appointment with her. But she had no idea how hard it was for him to effect this; not so much because Roland was not obedient, and mindful every hour of the task set him, but because Eric was inwardly disturbed that he was obliged to assign to his pupil as a duty and a theme some noble thought, some lesson, some subject of study, merely to become temporarily freed from his presence. The book he gave him, the place he selected for him to read until his return, appeared to him perverted to a wrong use, dishonored and profaned; yet nothing else could be done. It was a bitter experience, but it was the last time; he would come out from this final interview pure and strong, and have a plain and straight path before him.

He became composed with this thought, and entered the park. He found Bella on the seat upon the height; she had evidently been weeping freely.

Hearing his step, she removed the handkerchief from her eyes. "You have been weeping?"

"Yes, for your mother, for myself, for us all! O, how often have I heard your mother ridiculed, blamed, pitied, and despised, for following the impulse of her heart and the man of her choice. For some time the saying was, To live on love and eight hundred thalers. She is now more highly favored than any of us. With blessed satisfaction she surveys now the past, and looks forward to the future in her son, and what are her deriders? Puppets, dolls,—gossiping, music-making, dancing, chattering, scandal-making dolls! They turn up their noses at the man who has become so rich on the labor of slaves, and our aristocratic fathers sell their children, and the children sell themselves, for a high rank in society, for horses and carriages, for finery and villas. The nobility, the poor nobility, is the inherited curse from ancestral pride, from slavery to the ancestral idea! A peasant woman, who gleans barefooted in the stubble-field, is happier and freer than the lady who is driven through the streets in her carriage, leaning back and cooling herself with her fan."

"I have one request," began Eric in a constrained voice; "will you bestow upon me one hour of your life?"

"One hour?"

"Yes. Will you listen to me?"

"I am attentive." As she gazed at him, her eye-brows seemed to grow larger and larger, the corners of her mouth to be drawn slowly down, and her lips to open as if parched with a feverish heat; nothing was wanting but the wings upon her head, and the snaky heads knotted under her chin, to give the perfect Medusa-look.

Eric was for an instant petrified; then collecting himself, he continued:—

"Two questions now rend my heart; one is, Has the violence of love taken from me life, study, and the power of abstract thought? The other is, Must a child of humanity, because destiny has once decided for him, become a lifelong victim to this determination? And these two questions resolve themselves into one, just as those snaky heads form one knot under the chin of the Medusa."

"Go on!" urged Bella.

"Well, then, there was one hour when I would like to have said to the beautiful wife sitting before me, 'I love thee!' and I would

have embraced and kissed her, but then," — Eric pressed his hand upon his heart, and gnashed his teeth, — "but that hour over, I should have put a bullet through my brain!"

Bella let her eyes fall, and Eric went on: "One hour, and then my peace was gone; I had nothing left. I could not sleep. I could not think. This could not last. I lost myself, and what did I gain? I saw all that this love devastated, and could it be love? No. Could I take it lightly like others, it would be light. But why is this the only thing to be made light of? Why is not the ideal of life also to be made light of, and why is not all feeling only a plausible lie?"

In a hoarse voice he added: —

"But I do not believe that love has the right to lay everything in ruins; but then perhaps it may be said, it is not real love. Pluck up heart, look at the world for yourself, see how pleasantly, respectably, and shrewdly it lies, the women tricked out with artificial beauty, and the men with superficial knowledge. Do you see the abyss on whose brink I stood? And here I said to myself, We are placed in the world in order to live, and knowledge and culture have been given us that we may get from them life and not death. And how could I look a noble man in the face, how could I look up to the sun in heaven, how was I to educate a human being to stand erect in the world, to abhor crime; to discern the holy, how was I to take the word mother upon my lips, with the consciousness that I was myself the vilest of all, and that there was no moment in which I, and another also, must not tremble, and be filled with cowardly fear and despair."

Eric paused and placed his hand on his forehead; his voice choked, tears stood in his eyes.

"Go on!" cried Bella, "I am listening."

"It is well. This once do I speak thus to you, and only this once. You have courage to hear the truth. Our relation is not love, must not be love; for love cannot thrive on murder, hypocrisy, and treachery. I clasp your hand — no, I clasp it not, for I know I could not let it go, if I did. Here I stand — I speak to you, you listen to me — I speak to you, as if I were miles away, as if I were dead; there must be distance, there must be death, before there is any life."

"What do you mean?" interposed Bella.

She looked at Eric's hand as if he were about to draw a weapon from his bosom.

Breathing deep, he went on: "It must

be possible for human beings who have been made conscious of where they are, to find again the right path from which they have wandered. My friend! you are happy if you understand the happiness, and you can and must learn to appreciate it; and I am happy. Howsoever my heart may be shattered, I know I shall come to understand my duty and my happiness. I have been, heretofore, so proud, I thought I had mastered the world and brought it under my feet, and so did you; and that we have met, is to be not for our destruction, but rather for our awakening into a new life.

"I foresee that the days will come when we shall coldly extend to each other our hands, and say, or even not say, though we feel and know it, that there was one pure hour, an hour won by a severe struggle, when we were exalted in our own souls, and because we held each other so highly, we did not debase nor degrade ourselves. This hour is hard, is overwhelming; but what is hard and overwhelming now, will be, in the future, tender and full of restoring strength.

"We would hold each other high, that we may not destroy the laws of righteous living. And here is life's duty. My friend, it was a saying of my father, The man of understanding must be able to obey the command of duty, with the same glow of zeal that others obey the command of passion. So must it be. The stars shine over our heads, I look upon you as upon a star that shines in its purity and in its ordained orbit. Ah! I do not know what I am saying. Enough! Let me now bid you farewell; when we meet again —"

"No, stay here!" Bella cried, grasping his arm, which she let go immediately, as if she had touched a snake.

She withdrew two steps, and threw back her head, saying: —

"I thank you."

Eric wanted to reply, but it was better that he should say nothing; he was about to go away in silence, when Bella cried: —

"One question! Is it true that you saw Manna Sonnenkamp, before you came here?"

"Yes."

"And you love her, and are here on her account?"

"No."

"I believe you, and I thank you."

There seemed to be in this utterance something consolatory to her, that she had not been sacrificed to love for another. She looked wildly around, moved her head right and left, and when she had become calm again, she said: —

"You are right. It is well."

She seemed to be looking for something to give to Eric, without being able to find it; and now, as if she were giving utterance to a thought that had long lain upon her mind, and which anxiety for his welfare forced from her, she cried, —

"Be warned! Be on your guard against my brother; he can be terrible."

Eric went away; it was a hard matter to return to Roland, but he must.

He sat still by Roland's side for a short time, with his hands over his eyes; the light pained them, and he did not venture to look at Roland.

Then a servant, came with the message that the Count and the Countess were going to take their departure at once; Eric and Roland could bid them good-bye in the court-yard.

They went down, and heard that, contrary to the original plan, they were to set out immediately, and send the next day a carriage for Aunt Claudine.

Bella extended her gloved right hand to Eric, saying in a low tone: —

"Good-night, Herr Captain."

The carriage drove off.

CHAPTER IX.

THOUGHTS OF THE RELEASED.

BELLA sat quietly as she rode homewards with her husband. After a long silence, Count Clodwig said, —

"My heart is full of happiness and joy; it is a real blessedness to see a woman who is sixty years old, and who has never had a thought that she needed to repent of."

Bella looked up quickly. "What does this mean? Has he any idea of what has transpired?"

"That cannot be; he would not, in that case, have referred to it. But perhaps it is his lofty manner of giving a hint towards a life of purity."

She was fearful of betraying herself if she made no answer, and yet she was at a loss what to say. Making a violent effort of self-restraint, she said at last, —

"This lady is very happy in her poverty; she has a noble, highly-cultivated son."

Clodwig now looked round as if some one had pulled upon him. Could Bella have had any notion that the thought had crossed his mind, — What if this wife — and then Eric be thy son?

He was better off than Bella, for there was no necessity of his making any reply; but he inwardly reproached himself for having had the faintest impression of such a thought.

They drove along in silence; there was oneness of feeling, and yet each had saddening thoughts; for the rest of the way not a word was spoken. It seemed to Bella as if some mighty force must come and bear her away into chaos, into annihilation. The carriage rattled so strangely, the wheels grated, and the maid and the coachman looked to her like goblins, and the flitting shadows of the moon like pictures in a dream, and the carriage with its inmates like a monster; anger, shame, pride, humiliation, were stormily coursing through her heart, that had not yet been calmed.

She was enraged with herself that she, who was mature in worldly experience, had allowed herself to be carried away by such a girlish infatuation, for that was the name she still gave it. And had not her self-love been wounded? Was not this the first time that she had ever stretched out her hand without its being grasped?

It came across her that Eric might have overstated his love to her, in order to lessen the feeling of shame on her part. As she thought it over, it seemed to her that she detected something unnatural in his tone, something forced and constrained.

She thought again of Eric. Where is he now? Is he talking with any one? He certainly suffers deeply; he has saved himself and thee. Her thoughts were like a whirlwind. Now she scornfully exulted. It was only a trifling jest, an experiment, a bold play! She, Bella, the strong, had only tried to bring a young man to his knees before her, and she would have thrust him away with contempt if she had succeeded. She can say this — who can contradict her? Her whole past life was good evidence in her favor, and yet she felt ashamed of this lie.

But what is now to be done? she asked again. She is simply to be quiet; she will meet the man with indifference; her last word to him was to warn him against any attachment to Manna. There was the whole! That was the pivot on which turned the whole bold game. She promised herself to root out of her soul every passionate feeling, every violent emotion. She was now grateful to the destiny that had aroused within her the strong forces of nature — her virtue had now been tried in the fire.

She took the veil from her face, and looked up at the stars. They should be witnesses that all immoderate, all childish allurements, that were unworthy of her, should be put far away. Now she silently thought of what Eric had said, "For this

end are culture and knowledge bestowed upon us, that we should rule over ourselves."

As they were going up the hill on which Wolfsgarten was situated, there came over her a feeling of imprisonment; she thought her hands were tied, and she put them outside of her mantle. Clodwig thought she was seeking his hand; he took hers and held it with a gentle pressure.

They reached Wolfsgarten in silence, and Clodwig said, as they stood in the brightly lighted garden-saloon, —

"We can be silent in each other's company; and this is the fairest comradeship, when each one abides in himself and yet is with another."

Bella nodded, looking at the whole surroundings with a wondering glance. What is all this? To whom does all this belong? What power has brought her here? Where has she been? How would it be now, here alone with her husband, if —

It seemed to her that she must fall on her knees, grasp his hand, and beg for forgiveness.

But it is better, she thought, not for herself — she believed that she was ready to humble herself to the utmost, — but better for him not to know anything of what had transpired. It ought to be concealed from him. She bowed her head, and Clodwig kissed her brow, saying: —

"Your brow is hot."

Each retired to rest.

Bella sent her maid away and undressed without her aid to-night.

After Clodwig and Bella had driven off, the Mother went to the vine-embowered house with Eric. She led him by the hand like a little child; she felt his hand tremble, but she said nothing; when they had reached the steps, she said, —

"Eric, kiss me!"

Eric understood her meaning; she wanted to see if he could kiss her with pure lips. He kissed her. Mother and son uttered no word.

Every pain was removed from Eric's whirling brain. And truth requires it to be said, that the most painful thought was, that a feeling of regret had come over Eric, a short time previously. The temper suggested that he had been too scrupulous, too conscientious. He had thrust from him a beautiful woman, who was ready to clasp him with loving arms. When he surprised himself in these thoughts, he was profoundly wretched. All pride, all self-congratulation, and all exalted feelings of purity, were extinguished; he was a sinner without the sin. He had believed him-

self raised upon a lofty eminence; he had even represented his love to Bella in stronger colors than the facts warranted. Now there was a recoil, and the whole power of the rejected and disdained love avenged itself upon his doubly sinful head.

For a long time he wandered about in the quiet night.

The soul has its feverish condition from wounds as well as the body, and equally requires a soothing treatment.

Eric had amputated a part of his soul in order to save the rest, and he suffered from the pain. But as the dew fell upon tree and grass, and upon the face of Eric, so fell a dew upon his spirit.

The self-exaltation of virtue was now taken out of him, washed away by his double repentance, and he was now again a child.

As he looked back to the vine-embowered house, he thought: I will, as a man, preserve within me the child; and still further he thought: Thou hast withdrawn thyself from temptation through the consciousness of duty; be tender towards the rich and great, to whom everything is offered, to whom so much is allowed; the consciousness of duty does not restrain them so absolutely as it does him who is in the world, him who must help and be helped by others, and who has lost everything when he has lost himself.

He returned home late in the evening; and at night he dreamed that he was struggling in the midst of the floods of the Rhine, and he, the strong swimmer, was not able to contend against the waves.

He shrieked, but a steam-tug drowned his cry, and the helmswoman of a boat looked down upon him with contempt — and all at once it was not the helmswoman, but a maiden form with wings and two brightly-gleaming eyes.

CHAPTER X.

THE GUARDIAN AND HELPER.

EARLY in the morning, a carriage from Wolfsgarten came for Aunt Claudine and the parrot.

For the thirty years since her marriage with the Professor, Frau Dournay had not passed a day without her sister-in-law; now, for the first time, she was letting her go from her. It seemed to both of them hardly conceivable that they could live apart from each other, but it had been decided upon, and must be.

Sonnenkamp was most politely attentive; he charged the Aunt to consider his house her home, and not to remain more than a

few days as a guest at Wolfsgarten. He gave a basket full of carefully-covered grapes and bananas into the coachman's charge; the parrot's cage was on the seat near Aunt Claudine.

The parrot screamed and scolded as they drove off, and kept it up all the way, not liking, apparently, to leave Villa Sonnenkamp.

Herr Sonnenkamp proposed a drive to the Professorin, to help her forget the parting, but she answered, that not by diversion but by quiet reflection, can we compose and reconcile ourselves to the inevitable. Roland looked at her in surprise; these were Eric's thoughts, almost his very words.

Several days passed quietly at the villa, which was hardly quitted even for visits to the vine-covered cottage. Bella's visit had brought a disquiet to the house, which still hung over them all, and they realized it afresh as they constantly missed the Aunt; Bella had taken something which seemed an essential part of their life. And besides, the house was again without any sound of music.

Eric and Roland were more industrious than ever, for the Mother had asked if she might not be with them in the study-hours, saying that she had never heard any of Eric's teaching. Eric knew that she wished to help him to keep a strict guard over himself; for though not a word had been said, she felt that something must have passed between him and Bella. And she not only wanted to watch over her son at every hour, but to inspire him by her presence to keep true to his duty to Roland.

So she sat with them from early morning through much of the day, breathing low, and not even allowing herself any needlework; and Eric and Roland felt a peculiar of a calm mind, of deep insight, and wide incitement in the presence of a third person, views. At first Roland often looked up at her, but she always shook her head, to remind him that he must give his whole mind to what he was about, and take no notice of her. Eric was completely free from the first hour, when he had caught himself giving such a turn to the lesson that his mother might learn something new, and had met her gaze, which said,—That's not the thing to be considered. He returned to his simple plan, without regard to his mother's presence. She was pleased with the methodical way in which Eric gave his instruction, and knew how to keep his pupil's attention. She listened with pleasure, one day, when he said that Indolence liked to say:—Nothing depends on me, a single individual; but, a nation and humanity consist of

individuals; a scholar learns through single hours and days; a fruit ripens by single sunbeams; everything is individual, but the collected individuals make up the great whole. Eric had prepared himself, and read apposite passages from Cicero, and from Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. Roland must feel that he had the fellowship of the noblest spirits. But when they were alone, his mother said,—“I think that in illustrating everything and trying to give your pupil knowledge, you weaken and loosen his firm hold on fundamental principles.”

Eric felt a shock of disappointment; he had hoped that his mother would express entire pleasure, and she was finding fault instead; but he controlled himself, and she continued, smiling:—

“I cannot help laughing, because my two points of criticism are really one and the same, looked at on two sides. The one view is this, that it seems to me dangerous to give your pupil, as you do, just what he desires; you follow the devious path of a young discursive mind, and just there lies the danger of private instruction. I mean, in this way it pampers the youthful mind by giving it only what it wishes for, not what it ought to have. The discipline of a definite course of study lies in the necessity of taking up and carrying forward what the connected plan requires, and not what may suit the fancy; this fits one for life too, for life does not always bring what we long for, but what we need and must have.”

“And what is your second point?” asked Eric, as his mother paused.

“My second point is only a repetition of the first. I remember your father's saying once, that the first and only true support, or rather the very foundation of education, must be:—‘Thou shalt, and thou shalt not; straight forward without comment, without explanation, without illustration.’ Now ask yourself whether you are not weakening his character. When our Roland is brought into a conflict, I don't know whether knowledge will help him, rather than the ancient command: ‘Thou shalt and thou shalt not.’ I only say this to you that you may think it over; others may praise you, I must warn you. I can say, though, that you have attained one important point; the boy has a holy reverence for the spirit of the Past.”

Eric grasped his mother's hand, and walked on sometime in silence. Then he explained to her how he wished to give Roland not only knowledge, but a firm foundation of self-reliance, on which his life might rest.

“My son,” replied his mother, “you have set yourself a difficult task; you want

to accomplish a three-fold work at once; that is not possible. Listen to me patiently. You want to complete and perfect a neglected education; you want to lead to higher aims, gaining at the same time a moral foothold and moral elevation, without using the means handed down to you; and, finally, you want to train a youth, who knows his own wealth, to be a useful, unselfish, even self-sacrificing man. Now why do you laugh, pray? I will stop, though I might add, that you want to make a boy without a family affectionate, and a boy without a country patriotic. Now tell me why you laugh."

"Forgive me, mother; there's reason in your being called Professorin; you have discoursed like a Professor from his desk. But let me tell you that the two-fold or the five-fold task is only a simple one in the end. I confess I have often said to myself that I might make it easier, but then I would ask myself whether this was not an attempt to excuse my own desire of comfort. I must make the experiment of placing a youth upon the platform of acting freely from —"

"Reason?" responded the mother. "Reason may give composure, but not happiness nor blessedness; reason may not be the nourishment which suits the young spirit. Remember, my son, that meat is good food, but we do not feed a new-born child on meat instead of milk. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes; you mean that religion is the mother's milk of the spirit."

"Exactly," said the Mother, in triumph. "Your father always said that no man had ever produced any great work, or accomplished any great deed, who did not believe in God; God is the highest object of imaginative thought. So long as philosophy cannot show a moral law which can be written, concisely and with perfect clearness, upon two tables of stone, education must make its progress through religion."

"Mother," answered Eric, "we believe in God more truly than those who would confine him within the limits of a book, of a church, or of a special form of worship."

"Ah," said his mother, "let us drop the subject. Do you see that butterfly, flitting in great circles against the window pane? The butterfly takes the glass, from its transparency, to be the open air, and thinks that he can pass through it, but dashes his head at last against the glass wall that seemed to be nothing but air. But enough, I am not strong enough for you. If your father still lived, he could help you as no one else can."

The conversation, now turning on the father's death, wandered away from the previous subject.

CHAPTER XI.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCHOOL-COMMITTEE.

FRAU CERES was jealous because the Professorin devoted less time to her, and surprised them by suddenly expressing the desire to be present at the lessons, saying that she had more need of instruction than the rest. And Sonnenkamp also betook himself to Roland's room. He could never be idle, and so, when he did not smoke, he had the habit of whittling all sorts of figures out of a small piece of wood; and he was especially fond of cutting into grotesque shapes fragments of grape-vine roots. This was the only way he could sit and listen.

Eric saw that his instruction was interfered with by this heterogeneous assemblage. The Mother understood his disquiet, without a word being said, and staid away from the lessons. Frau Ceres and Herr Sonnenkamp soon did the same.

While Eric was enabled to banish, by a strict fulfilment of his duties, every trace of the disturbing element introduced by Bella, the Mother was full of restlessness. She had attained what had been the object of her strongest wishes, access to a large garden of plants and unlimited sway therein, and yet she was not quite content.

One morning, as she was walking early in the park with her son, she said: —

"I have discovered something new in myself: I have no talent for being a guest."

Eric interposed no questions, for he knew that she would reach the goal, even if she took a roundabout way. The Mother continued: —

"I have the feeling that I must bring something to pass; I cannot be forever a passive recipient; and here is the special danger of riches. The rich look upon themselves as guests in this world; they themselves have nothing to do, and others must do everything for them. I tell thee, my dear son, that I cannot stand it, I must do something. You men, you can work, create, influence, and renew your life by what you do, while we women can only recreate and restore our life by loving."

Eric suggested that she accomplished her part by simply being, but the Mother very energetically responded: —

"I am always vexed with Schiller for this: he should not have said, it isn't like him to write, 'Ordinary natures pay with what they do; noble ones with what they

are.' That sounds like a *carte blanche* for all do-nothings, with or without coronets upon their seals."

Eric held up to her the satisfaction arising from her influence upon Frau Ceres; but the Mother shook her head without any remark.

She had placed great hopes in that, but such an enigmatical and incomprehensible person was presented to her view, that she seemed to herself wholly useless. She would not acknowledge to her son that the house had something oppressive to her; that the family had all its glory and pride in external possessions, so that everything here appeared external, directed by alien hands, and altogether destitute of any strength developed from within.

Fräulein Perini spoke always of Frau Ceres as "the dear sufferer." From what was Frau Ceres suffering?

The Professorin had once lightly touched upon the thought how greatly Frau Ceres must miss her daughter; when, with eyes sparkling like those of a snake as it suddenly darts up its head, she sent Fräulein Perini, who was at hand, into the garden; she then said to the Professorin, looking timidly round:—

"He is not to blame; I, only I. I wished to punish him when I said that to my child; but I did not mean she should go away."

The Professorin begged that she would confide the whole to her, but Frau Ceres laughed like a person wholly beside herself.

"No, no, I shall not say it again, and certainly not to you."

The distress which the Professorin had experienced at the first interview with Frau Ceres was felt anew. She believed now that she knew the suffering of the dark-eyed woman, who, sometimes listless, and sometimes restless as a lizard, was troubled by a thought which she could not reveal, and could not wholly keep back.

Like a child to whom a story is told, she was urged by Frau Ceres to tell her over and over again about the court fetes, which alone seemed to awaken any interest. Frau Ceres was delighted to hear the same things repeated.

But the mother took care to show that a princess has a special employment for every hour, and that a regular performance of duty was of great importance. She spoke earnestly, and came back often to the consideration, that a woman like Frau Ceres, born in a Republic, could have not the remotest conception of all this, and

that it was like being suddenly removed into another century.

"I understand everything that you and your son say," Frau Ceres stated, "but what other people say, except the Major, I hear it indeed, but I don't know, where I am. Just think, I was afraid of you at first."

"Of me? No one was ever afraid of me before."

"I will tell you about it some other time. Ah, I am sick, I am always sick."

The Mother did not succeed in arousing Frau Ceres out of her life of mere alternate sleeping and waking.

Sonnenkamp met the Mother with demonstrations of deepest respect, and seemed to practice upon her his airs and attitudes of genteel behavior. He delicately hinted that he had faithfully kept the agreement, and had never asked her what his wife said and desired; and now he would only beg to be permitted to make one inquiry, whether Frau Ceres had never spoken of Manna.

"Certainly, but very briefly."

"And may I not be allowed to know what this brief communication was?"

"I don't know myself; it is still a riddle. But, I beseech you, do not lead me to disloyalty and breach of trust."

"Breach of trust?" cried Sonnenkamp with trembling lips.

"Ah, it was not the right word. Your wife has confided nothing to me, but I believe,—I pray you not to mistake me,—I suspect, she is secretly afraid of Fräulein Perini, or is vexed or angry with her. As I said before, I am very far from meaning to blame Fräulein Perini, and I almost repent of having said as much as I have."

"You can be at rest on that point. My wife would like to send Fräulein Perini out of the house ten times every day, and ten times every day to call her back again. There is no person, not even yourself, who is more needful to her and more useful than Fräulein Perini." The Professorin longed to be out of the house, and she could find no adequate reason for the deep hold which the desire had taken upon her. She had no desire to be made the depository of secrets, nor to solve riddles, and yet she was incessantly occupied with the thought of the daughter of the house. A child, a grown-up girl, whom such a family abandoned, perhaps this maiden was a charge for her; but how it was to be, she could not perceive, and yet the thought would not leave her.

She wanted to question the Major, Clodwig, and Bella; and she would even have liked to have recourse to Franken, but

Pranken had not been visible for several weeks. She got Joseph to show her Manna's room one day; and while there, it seemed to her as if the dear child were calling her, and as if it were her duty to lend her a helping hand.

She wrote a letter to the Superior, informing her that she would pay her a visit at the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XII.

FRAU PETRA.

WHEN Sonnenkamp was alone in the garden, in the hot-houses, in the work-room, or his seed-room, he wore perpetually a complacent, triumphant smile, often congratulating himself upon his success in making persons and circumstances play into his hands, ruling, bending, and directing them, just as he did the fruit in the garden.

The refractoriness and the indolence of Frau Ceres were very serviceable, at first, in lending to the whole establishment an air of respectability. It gave the appearance of self-containedness, as if there was no need of other people; as if there was everything in their own circle, and what should be superadded to this would be received graciously, but was not an absolute necessity. But this appearance of seclusion soon became a sort of mysterious riddle, and excited curiosity and scandal.

Sonnenkamp had foreseen this, but had not anticipated that this state of feeling would last so long. The shyness and reserve of the dwellers in the vicinity in forming any intimate relations with him, and their failure to visit him on familiar terms, gradually disturbed him. This distance must not be allowed to have too much weight, it had better not be noticed; and complaisance must be shown towards these who hold themselves thus distantly, and it must not be seen that their bearing is remarked at all.

The relation to Otto von Pranken had begun with the stable, but proceeding farther, by the connection of the families promised now a firm basis in the future. Until now, Sonnenkamp's house, park, and garden, considered as a whole, seemed like some isolated, alien, and extraneous plant within a flower-pot. Through Eric and his family the roots had begun to spread, and the plant to grow independently in the open ground.

The intimate relation with Clodwig and Bella, which Pranken had not been able to bring about, had been effected through Eric; and now the Professor's widow was to carry that still farther, by giving and receiving

visits which would naturally unite the families.

Sonnenkamp very cautiously expressed to the Mother his regret, that his wife did not incline to keep up a neighborly acquaintance with the respectable families around. The Mother had a desire to get a look into the life of this part of the country, and to express thanks to those who had manifested so much friendliness towards her son. She wanted first to visit the house of the Doctor. Sonnenkamp suggested that she should then call upon the Justice's family. He placed his whole house at her disposal if she wished to make invitations.

One beautiful Sunday in the latter part of summer was fixed upon for visiting the neighborhood.

Frau Ceres had promised to go with them, but when the morning came for them to start, she declared that it was impossible. The Professorin now observed, for the first time, a spice of artfulness in her; she had consented, evidently, to avoid being urged; and now she planted herself upon her own will, without making any plea of ill health.

Fräulein Perini remained at home with her.

They drove first to Herr von Endlich's, although they might have known that the family were absent; they wanted only to leave their cards.

From Herr von Endlich's Sonnenkamp returned to the villa, and left Roland, Eric, and the Mother, to proceed to the town. He called out to them at parting, that they must take care not to drink all the wine that should be offered them.

And when the Mother was now driving with Eric and Roland, the thought occurred to her that she was not making these visits on her own account; but she was just as happy in making them as the representative of her friendly host.

Roland wished them to stop as they were going along, for they met Claus, the field-guard. Roland introduced him to Eric's mother; she extended her hand, and said she would soon give him a call.

Claus, looking very much gratified, and pointing to Roland, replied:—

"Yes, yes, if I had to turn out a grandmother for him, it would be nobody else but you."

They laughed, and drove on. When they reached the town, the bells of the newly-erected Protestant church were just ringing. It stood upon a hill, from which there was a wide view of the country around.

The Mother stopped, and went with Eric and Roland into the church.

Roland had never been in a Protestant church while service was going on. The Mother requested him not to go in now, when she heard him say this, but to proceed directly with Eric to the town; he was bent, however, upon remaining with her.

They entered the simple, plain building just as the congregation was finishing the hymn. The Mother was pained to hear a discourse on eternal punishment, delivered in a high-pitched voice, and regretted in her own mind that she had yielded to Roland.

After they had taken a survey of the cheering landscape on coming out, the Mother took Roland's hand, saying:—

"When you are prepared for it, I shall make you acquainted with one of your countrymen, from whom you can get higher views."

"Is it Benjamin Franklin? I know him."

"No; the man I speak of is a preacher who died only a few years ago; a man of the deepest religious nature. I am glad to have known him personally; he has been a guest at our house, and I have taken him by the hand. He and your father, Eric, became intimate friends at once."

"Do you mean Theodore Parker?" inquired Eric.

"I mean him, and I feel elevated to have had such a man live with us."

"Why have you never spoken of this man?" said Roland, turning to Eric.

"Because I did not wish to interfere with the faith in which you were brought up."

Eric said this without meaning to reprove his mother, and yet she was alarmed when she heard his reply; she repeated, that Roland would learn about the man after his judgment had become more mature.

The mischief, however, had been done, of pointing out to the youth something which was now withheld from him; and as he had never been accustomed to being denied anything, he would now, as usual, be eager after what was forbidden, and if it was not given him, he would take secret measures to get it himself.

Eric and Roland received the salutation of many coming out of church. Eric introduced his mother to the School-director, the Forester, his wife and sister-in-law, who all accompanied the friends into the town. The walk along the public highway was pleasant; there is nothing, on the whole, like this pleasant mood with which a large

number of persons of various condition and character return from church.

"Wasn't the Doctor's wife at church?" asked the Mother.

They told her that she never went on Sunday morning, but staid at home to comfort the country people who came early on Sunday; she often gave them simple household remedies, and arranged the order in which they should be admitted to the Doctor on his return.

Eric now heard, for the first time, that they called the Doctor's wife Frau Petra. She had something of St. Peter's office, the keeping of the door into the heavenly kingdom of healing.

They entered the Doctor's house. The cleanliness of the entry floor and steps was notable as usual, and on the walls good pictures were hanging, no one of which seemed to owe its position to chance. Green climbing-plants were standing upon pier-tables, and sending out their tendrils in all directions. In the sitting-room the work-table was placed under the window, before which was a street-mirror; and on the table itself stood a camelia in full bloom. They heard the Doctor's wife saying in the next room, —

"Yes, good Nanny, you are talking the whole time about religion and conformity to the will of God, and now you are clear down in the depths of despair, and out of patience, and unwilling to take kindly advice. My husband can give medicine, but you must give yourself love and patience. And you, Anna, you give your child too much to eat and then you have to keep coming for help. One can't get understanding at the apothecary's. And you, Peter, you go home and apply a bandage wet with warm vinegar."

Nothing further was heard. Apparently the servant had come in and announced the arrival of the visitors.

The door opened, and the Doctor's wife entered. She gave a hearty greeting to the Mother, and ordered the servant to bring a bottle of wine and three glasses. In spite of the Mother's refusal, the gentlemen must drink.

When the Professorin lauded the beneficent influence of the Doctor's wife, the latter at once accepted the praise saying, —

"One can learn something in more than forty years' experience, such as I have had. At first I shuddered, but I was always angry with myself for it; now I have learned from my husband what stands me in the best stead."

"What is that?"

"Rude bluntness, the only effectual

thing. Each one is thinking about himself, but why talk about myself?"

She expressed her satisfaction at becoming acquainted with the Mother. The two ladies smiled when Roland said:—

"We went to the church, and from there we came to you, and we think we are much better off here."

The wine came, and Eric and Roland drank the health of the Doctor's substitute. Then they went to the study of the Physician, and Eric explained the anatomical charts to Roland.

The Mother urged the Doctor's wife, with whom she was visiting, to return her visit soon, and expressed the hope of great good to result to Frau Ceres from her resolute nature.

"I should be afraid of being too blunt," answered the Doctor's wife, whose nature was in reality exceedingly gentle and considerate.

"I trust you will pardon my boldness; is it true that Manna is to be taken from the convent, and have her education completed by you?"

The Mother was amazed. What was to her only a vague thought, was the gossip of the neighborhood. She could not imagine what had given rise to it, and the Doctor's wife could not tell where she had heard it.

When the Mother now made particular inquiries about Manna, the Doctor's wife said that Roland was the only one of Sonnenkamp's family whom she knew. She knew nothing at all about Manna; but Lina, the Justice's daughter, had been her friend, and from her something definite might be learned.

The Physician joined them, but did not stay long. He waited only to get, as soon as he could, the report from his wife.

The Mother took leave, and Frau Petra did not urge her to remain, saying that she had still to speak with several of the patients before they went.

In lively spirits they left the house.

They had to wait longer at the Justice's, for wife and daughter must first make their toilet. When they finally appeared, they had many apologies to make for the disorderly appearance of the room, and for their own hurried toilet; yet dress and room were as neat and pretty as one could wish.

The messenger was sent after the Justice, who was taking his Sunday's glass; and when at last the Professorin had taken a seat in the corner of the sofa, where one could hardly find room among the embroidered cushions, a pleasant conversation ensued. The Justice's wife had adroitly made mention

of her father, whom the Mother knew, and they gradually established an agreeable intercourse, after the first awkward preliminaries were all over. The Professorin knew how to draw Lina out, and was greatly pleased with her bright description of the convent-life. Lina was encouraged by this, so that she became more and more animated and communicative, to her mother's great astonishment.

The Justice made his appearance. He had evidently swallowed down his glass hastily, for nothing ought to be left unfinished. He shook the hand of the Professorin longer and harder than was at all necessary, and assured her humorously—humor seemed very odd on the little man's grave face—of his magisterial protection. He then gave an account to Eric and Roland of the Pole's having broken out of the House of Correction, and of their having put up an advertisement for his apprehension, but they would be glad never to see him again.

The Justice's wife and Lina put on their hats, and went with their guests by a circuitous path along the Rhine to the house of the School-director, not without some consciousness, perhaps, of the good appearance they were making. Eric walked with the Justice's wife, the Justice joined Roland, and Lina went with the Professorin.

Lina began of her own accord to talk of Manna, of her present melancholy, and of her former liveliness; she had cherished the most enthusiastic love towards her father, so that it seemed as if she could not leave him for a single day; and Lina begged the Mother to use her influence to have Manna return once more.

The Mother carefully refrained from making any inquiries, but it struck her strangely that from these visits, made only out of politeness, a new duty seemed to be unfolding before her.

If she had been able to imagine that she was only used by Sonnenkamp to play into his own hands, she would have been still more astonished at the various phases which one simple occurrence may assume.

They did not find the family of the School-director or of the Forester at home; as they were returning in the carriage and driving by the Doctor's house, his wife was standing in the doorway; she called to them to stop.

She came out to them, and said that she had forgotten to remind the Mother to call upon the Major and Fräulein Milch to-day; the Major was very good-natured, but he was very sensitive in regard to the respect shown him, and he never forgave any one for neglecting to pay the proper attention to

Fräulein Milch. Fräulein Milch was a very excellent, respectable person, if they could overlook one thing.

They returned to the villa in good spirits.

The first person they met in the courtyard was the Major. He looked somewhat out of humor, but his countenance lighted up when the Professorin said that she had intended to call upon him and Fräulein Milch to-day, and to get a cup of coffee, as she unfortunately could not fall into the ways of this part of the country, and drink wine every day.

The Major nodded; but he soon went off

to send a child of the porter's to Fräulein Milch with the welcome message.

The Mother was very animated, and Eric expressed his joy that his mother experienced something of that exhilaration produced by a sight of the life of the people and the life of nature along the Rhine.

When Roland came to dinner, he said in a low tone to the Professorin:—

"I have looked into the Conversations-Lexicon, and to-day is Theodore Parker's birthday; to-day is the twenty-fourth of August."

The Mother whispered that it would be well for him to speak of it to no one but her.

It has been a favourite fancy of imaginative men, to picture to themselves the persons whom they would like to have known. And they generally name historical personages, or men of literary renown—such as Dr. Johnson, Milton, Cromwell, Charles I., Queen Elizabeth, Roger Bacon, or Alfred the Great. My fancy runs most amidst the great obscure. I should like to have known the man who first ventured to leave off wearing his pigtail. What a great man he must have been! The pigtail possessed every feature of folly which costume can present. It was ugly, inconvenient, ridiculous; it took up time, it spoilt clothes; it needed assistance. Think of a regiment having their pigtails arranged under the inspection of the prudent captain late at night, in order that his regiment might be the earliest ready for battle, or parade on the ensuing morning!

What heaps of calumny must have been piled upon the man who first left off his pigtail! If he had a wife, the neighbours doubtless said that he beat her; if he had children, that he starved them; and all agreed that he was an atheist. In moments of depression, and they must have been frequent, how fervently he wished that he had never dismissed his pigtail! But there is no returning in such a course, and to have taken to the pigtail again would not have condoned the original offence. With the deep insight into things which misery gives, he no doubt often said to himself, "Better conform to the foolishness of human follies, than be ever so wise but withal so lonely in the world." Thus he went, staggering under his burden of eccentricity, sometimes morbidly courageous, sometimes morbidly timid and shamefaced; now thinking himself a presumptuous idiot, and now a glorious martyr; but never again enjoying that sweet peace which abides with commonplace.

We have many pigtails now—moral, physical, metaphysical, and theological. But woe to the man who makes a first appearance in broad

daylight without his pigtail! Yes: I should like to have known the man who first left off the pigtail of hair. Depend upon it, he had most of the qualities which rendered the great personages above-named famous in literature or in history.

Author of Friends in Council.

No doubt all knowledge is good, and will eventually prove serviceable to the world. But, speaking for myself—if I had been consulted first—if it had rested with me to decide—I think I should have voted against the invention of the electric telegraph. It appears to me that the electric telegraph chiefly serves to convey the news of misfortune rapidly, inaccurately, abruptly, and partially. We have now the fifth act of the tragedy before we know anything of the preceding ones. Then, again, the system of telegraphing tends more and more to divide official men into two classes—idiots and madmen. The facility for conveying information at once, and desiring instructions, gradually dwarfs the mental powers and activity of the subordinate in the distance; while the principal man at home is driven into madness by never having a sure moment of peace.

Author of Friends in Council.

WHEN people talk of women's claims, and women's rights, I think of the tournaments of former days. If the ladies had descended into the arena, most of them would have made but sorry knights; whereas, remaining in the gallery, it was they who gave the prizes, and it was to win the meed of praise from them that each knight did his best. There is something of the same kind even in the most unchivalrous ages.

Author of Friends in Council.

CHAPTER XX.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE.

THE next day the storms had all cleared away, and the morning rose looking perfectly mild and innocent, as if it had never known bad weather or ill-temper, and was certainly not repentant. Nature is credited with many of the feelings of man, but no one ever suggested remorse as one of them, the most purely human of all passions.

Tony had not been in so great a hurry to dispose of Lettice as his wife, who had taken it into her head that to get rid of the girl was to dispose of the proofs against them of smuggling; but he fetched the little cart in which they were to go, and was ready to start early: the spoils of war were, however, being carried off by the coast-guard, and he was kept in attendance on them, on what was to him most distasteful work, till long past mid-day.

"They kips me like that to vex me, I really do believe," said he, chafing angrily, with a cut at the shaggy Forest pony when at last he got away, with Lettice sitting by his side, as much oppressed by the responsibility of her father's little bag as if it had been the whole regalia of England.

She looked round for the last time on the desolate little settlement as they turned off across the moor, and thought how changed it all was to her since the day when first she came there. The same objects look so strangely different when every hill and bit of coast has a recollection attached to it; and a sort of personal friendship exists with every little bay, and every bush and tree has, as it were, a memory hung round its neck, or an association which makes it interesting.

It was a mild November day, and as they reached the forest country the autumn tints of the trees — which stretched far and wide — looked gorgeous under the long level rays of the sun, softened by a delicate blue haze. It was the more striking coming from the bare headlands and the evergreen pine-woods among which she had been living: the change of the seasons produces scarcely any change on the sea and the shore, or the sand-cliffs and the firs. It had been a very dry season, and the leaves had only just begun to fall, except where the yesterday's storm had brought down a bright carpet of them here and there: the golden yellow of the maple and the elm, the more sober russet of the oak, and the rich fiery tawny reds and browns of the beech, all flamed out in the beautiful sunshine; while the deep green of the hollies and yew with which the Forest is studded, made the

colour still more striking. Some trees seem to lose their lives so gaily, putting on their greatest pomp of beauty before they die, like the beech, while others part with their leaves one by one, greyly and sadly, like the ash. And yet there is a melancholy in all this brilliancy, in the perishable beauty which every breath of wind helps to destroy; even the most cheerful sunshine in November has a certain sad look of a dying year.

"The autumn's pretty nigh at an end," said Tony at last; "for all that flare and glare o' them trees, they'll be stripped naked afore many days now. We was out o' luck to be sure this time! and poor Caleb took like that when he might have cut away 'asy, if it hadn't been along o' yer father." Tony was not troubled with fine feelings himself, and had no notion of giving poor Lettice pain, while she was wincing under the thought so that she could hardly sit still.

"I did feel queesy and queery I did," went on the imperturbable Tony, "when Sally locked me in o' that fashion, and the coast-guard fund me like a bird in a cage; but 'twere all for the best ye see. — And maybe Caleb 'll get off even now," continued his affectionate brother with much calmness. "He's so lissom and so spry he may give 'em all the slip still, who knows? How they have a-kep' us so late now as 'twill be very ill convenient for me to get home again."

Lettice did not answer, and they drove on across the wide heaths and forest-glades, by cross-cuts and byways apparently exceedingly well known to her conductor.

They passed by troops of deer and droves of brown wild pigs, which were feasting up and down on the harvest of beech-mast and acorns, followed by a guardian: "Gurth the swineherd" is not extinct in the Forest. Tony looked enviously from one to the other. "I'm sure I don't know how I shall get me a livin'; the deer and the little porkers won't serve, for I never could larn Sally to do for 'un, not as she should: the fair trade won't do now; and there I'm just left stranded like seaweed o' last spring-tide."

They had reached a bare, rushy, boggy, broken bit of ground, covered with furze and heath, and with a number of old neglected gravel-pits with a good deal of water now lying at the bottom, where the hill broke off. The sun was just going down when they passed a little upland pool, with the wind chasing the tiny waves across it. It looked very wild and lonely: a plover flew by them with a faint "peewit;" two or three lean mouse-coloured cows with deer-like heads, and almost as active as the deer themselves, galloped out of the way. Let-

tice was struck with the solitary look of the place. Great bars of black cloud were coming up *against* the wind, urged on by some strong contrary current in the upper air; for whereas there was a brisk breeze and a rustling of leaves in the opposite direction, the long dark bands came solemnly up as if moved by a determined conscious will, as it were in the very teeth of the wind — which is always very striking. They spread gradually over the upper sky; a pale orange light streamed out between them, while the moon was rising, and shone brightly on the little tarn.

Suddenly, the black figure of a man, running at his utmost speed out of a little wood beyond, came out distinctly against the moonlit water, followed in a minute or two by another in hot pursuit. The distance grew less and less between them as they rushed on, stumbling among the hollows and "tumps" of the broken ground.

"Look — oh, look!" cried Lettice. "What's the matter about that poor man?"

"There, he's down again, and he'll be eotch: the more's the pity," answered Tony, whose sympathies were all against the side of justice, as a matter of principle; and he drew up for a minute, and watched anxiously for the result. "The other t'other's the more lissom o' the two, I'm afraid, and first 'un ha'n't got start enow. Nay, there, he's up again, I do declare. Hoorah! He'll win away yet."

There was an imperious cry for assistance from the pursuer, who was near enough to catch sight of the cart; but Tony did not stir.

"Nay, thou'lt get nought out o' me," muttered he to himself. "I'll crawl into no thorns for thee. I don't know, and I don't ho anything about the matter!" And he turned towards the road, where the line of deep gravel-pits, edged with a fringe of red and orange beech brushwood, dipped down over the hill; and into which the two figures now suddenly disappeared one after the other.

"Oh, Tony, see you?" cried Lettice, eagerly. "Where are they gone to, so sudden? They've fallen over the pits. Can't ye help 'um? Ain't he one of our people, p'raps? Oh, go and see." And she laid both hands earnestly on the reins and attempted to get out of the cart.

"I've got into trouble once this month, and I won't again not for nobody," said Tony with an oath, pushing her hands away, and driving on most determinedly. There were angry cries for help in the distance, and a shrill whistle or two, but he turned a

deaf ear to everything, and jolted on to the hard road.

"Don't ye see there's a waggon coming up as they can stop if they like? And it's no business o' mine, and I won't go near 'um; so there's an end on't," he replied, doggedly, in answer to all Lettice's entreaties, as he urged on the tired horse faster than before in the fast gathering twilight.

Amyas was standing at the door of "The Bugle," looking anxiously out as the little cart drove up. "Why, how late ye are! I was a'most afraid ye wouldn't come to-night," said he, going to fetch his horse out of the stable.

Mr. Saul Saull received Tony and the girl with rather a glum countenance. "We haven't a heerd nought o' yer father? no, certainly. How should we hear?" he said, very shortly, in answer to Lettice's inquiries. "A chap running away, was there? We don't know nought o' fellers running away here." And he looked askance at a man — like a gauger in disguise — who came out of the house as they spoke, and turned up the road by which they had come, on hearing the whistle dimly in the distance.

"We'd best be off, Lettice," said her uncle, coming back hurriedly: "'tain't well to be out so very late in these parts. Get in quick; you can't do aught with such like things as these. You don't know who it is you've seen that you should go for to make or to mar."

She was transferred to the other cart, and they drove on again.

The clouds were beginning to disappear, and the moon was reigning triumphantly with a single star at her side, as they drove silently on along the bylanes and the cross-country tracks: sometimes shining behind a group of great trees on a knoll whose boughs and trunks stood out dark against the sky, and threw long shadows far down the hillside; sometimes the light lying cold and still on the flat grass of the moonlit glades which opened before them, with a tracery of the lines of the branches across it.

"Why, child, what a time it is since I saw thee; seems as 'twere an age like," said Amyas, affectionately, when they had reached the high-road; and she had inquired after every one at home.

"Have ye seen young Wallcott sin' you been away?" added he, after a pause.

"On'y once, the day but one back," answered Lettice, shyly, "as he came up with uncle Ned to the Puckspiece when the cutter and the coast-guard was after our people as had got in a cargo o' run goods."

"Well," answered her uncle inquiringly, when she paused, "and then?"

"I scarce spoke to him. Not that he knew it were father, but he were trying to lay hold of him, and were like to have done it too; but Caleb got him off safe from 'um all; and after that, when he came up to me, why Caleb were by, and I couldn't not before him —"

"And who's Caleb?" asked Amyas, who could hardly help smiling at this very lucid statement of the matter.

"He were youngest brother to Tony, what yer saw brought me to 'The Bugle,' and to Master Jesse Pilot and aunt Mary."

"Yes, but what were he to my little Lettie? that's what I wanted to know," said her uncle, tenderly.

But Lettice did not answer, and they drove on: the great silent shadows of the trees crossing the road and the broad open spaces, and their own shadow moving along, now beside them, now in front, as the road turned and wound about, with a curious sort of living motion almost uncanny in its pertinacity.

"Oh, uncle Amyas," she burst out presently, sobbing as she spoke, "why is it things allays goes so contrairy like when one can't like 'um again, and it's all so cross, and don't fit, as 'twere? There — there's that there moon and star: a week ago and they seemed a-coming together so nice, hurrying up so fast for to meet, and now to-night there she's hurrying away just as much the t'other way."

They had left the woodland and had reached a wide, open common, over which shone the great broad moon: it glinted on the wet heath pools and the puddles left by the yesterday's rain, and traced out the line of road, which stretched distinctly before them, white against the dark heath, winding up and down.

"Look, Lettice," said Amyas, pointing to it with his whip; "it goes in and out, and there's toilsome hills, and lower down comes the ford, what's sometimes very deep waters; and we only see a bit o' it at a time, and must just only travel on upo' that, ruts and all, as we have before us; but it goes on home all the same, we know."

"Yes, uncle Amyas," answered she, meekly, but with a dissatisfied sadness in her tone.

He looked down at her, for his quick ear caught her expression of doubt, and even in the moonlight he could see her troubled little face. "But you think as I can't understand what it is you're feeling now?" he said.

"Why, you're old, uncle Amyas," answered she, gently, "and never knowed, most like, what 'twere about loving folk, ye know."

He smiled a little bitterly at the hoar antiquity implied in this estimate of his forty-four years. "No, I'm not old," he said slowly, "though I seem so to thee; and if I were, I have been young and had the heartache. 'Tis queer, too, how the young ones think theirn's a quite new smart, as no one in this weary world has ever a had before. I've a been through that bitter river," he went on musing. "To me it seems like yesterday, and I know what 'tis. I half broke my heart for one as threw me off, and took to another man as were a better one, she thought. And I've a lived to be glad, Lettice — and that's worse nor being sorry — not only to have lost her, but to know as she I fancied never was at all, but only just as 'twere in my own thought. So ye see we've had neighbour's fare, you and me," he ended with a sad smile, "and I can feel for ye too, little one."

The girl looked up anxiously into his face, worn and sad, with the fixed lost look of one gazing into the past. With his extreme reserve, she knew the effort which such a confidence must have cost him, and she was very grateful, though her heart went on saying, "But it ain't happened so a bit with me, like what he says." She pressed affectionately up to his side, but they neither of them spoke again. The lights in the distant cottages shone out like stars far over the wild heaths, and they looked in at the unshuttered casements as they passed one quiet little home after another, and could see the firelight shimmering and glimmering fitfully on the white-washed ceiling, or the one candle shining here on a young mother's face as she held her baby closely to her and rocked it to sleep; or on an old, worn, bent figure stooping over the low fire, full of years and rheumatism, — and there seemed as if whole stories of lives were told by that single glimpse as the cart drove on, — so much in such a little space.

At length, having crossed the ford and passed the "dark lane" and the avenue, they reached their own door at the Woodhouse, where Mrs. Wynyate appeared with a light in her hand, shading her eyes as she looked out from the porch, while Job stood at the wicket with a halter over his shoulders, as if he were taking himself up from grass.

"Whatever have a kep' ye this long fur while?" said Mrs. Wynyate.

"And how about Norton?" asked Job.

"We couldn't make out naught from the doctor's letter. Have he got away from them revenue folk? and where were it you've a been? and who's took?"

"Take the girl in and warm her, and give her summat t'eat, mother, first," observed Amyas, as he looked at Lettice's white face, "afore ye ask her all them questions. 'What, ain't there a spunk of fire?' he added, as they came into the cold, comfortless, dark 'hall-place."

"I never lights the grate till mid November, as well you knows, Amyas; and this ain't but the first days," said his mother, with great decision. She regulated her fires by the almanac, not by the cold or the feelings of her friends. "But there's a bit in the kitchen anyhow." And she led the way in.

The girl was looking curiously round at her old haunts, when Job returned from taking the horse.

"Weren't there a letter for Lettie came one day after she were gone?" said he. She turned eagerly to search for it when she heard what he said; but no letter could be found.

"I saw a wisp o' summat, hitched up on the mantle 'twere," said Nancy, "the 'dunch," when she was appealed to; "and we was short one day o' paper for to light the fire. No; I nivr give a thought as 'twere aught as sinnified when I took he."

"'Twere on'y from Ned," said Job, in a consoling tone, as the poor girl's face fell and she looked as if she were going to burst out crying.

"But, uncle Job, he might ha' writ about something, ye know. Oh, whatever could it have been?" she repeated to herself; "what were in it I wonder? how can I find what it were he meant to say?"

CHAPTER XXI.

"SINGLE MISFORTUNES NEVER COME ALONE."

ALL things seemed to fall again for Lettice into the old ruts, and all was strangely the same, and yet her feeling so different, that she sometimes pinched herself to know if she were indeed herself. In one sense her grandmother's incessant complaints and lectures seemed to fall unnoticed on her preoccupied mind, in which she almost unconsciously went on living over again the existence of the last few months; but, on the other hand, she missed the pleasant solitude of the past when she could think out her own thoughts uninterruptedly.

The weather had entirely broken up, and the wind and rain moaned ceaselessly

among the great trees, bringing down the leaves in showers, and beating against the window-panes. The world looked very sad and dreary. She seemed to herself to have left her girlhood somewhere behind her, and to have subsided into a grey middle age, wherein she walked up and down and wondered at her own deadness.

While Job wondered what had become of Norton, and "what about Ned," with praiseworthy perseverance every morning regularly at the same hour and in the same words, she added a sort of postscript in her own mind in favour of Everhard and Caleb, and the whole tribe of Edneys. But neither of them got any answer to their inquiries.

"I hold as Norton 'ud get away: he were ever a wisome chap, even from a little lad, he were," he generally ended.

News was long in reaching the secluded Woodhouse, but at length Job came in one day as much excited as was possible to his philosophic tone of mind.

"What d'ye think's up now? they've a took up Norton Lisle at last! and who d'ye think's done it? Why, Ned! Seems he was following arter him day and night after that time at the Puckspiece Lettie were telling on, and never so much as knew who 'twas he were after. (All them stories along o' Red Jack had pretty nigh died out for they young things this long fur time.) And so it came to pass as Ned got upon his track not far from the old 'Bugle.' I dessay he were biding along o' that Saul Saull; he were ever a rare 'un for hiding and helping them o' the fair trade. And Norton ran, and Ned ran ever so fur, and Ned were fleetier o' foot nor the t'other. It wouldn't ha' been so ten year back, I know that: Norton were a trimming smart young fella; but we don't grow no younger, — not most of us," said Job, plaintively, but prudently qualifying this general admission.

"Oh, uncle Amyas," cried Lettice, breathlessly, "sure it were them two as we saw running near the King's Bottom pool. We telled ye, you know, when we got up to 'The Bugle.'"

"But what about the catching, Job?" said Mrs. Wynyate, coming up behind.

"Why, Ned had his hand just upo' the other's collar, as one may say; when Norton, not for to be took, he turned short off, and le'p straight into the gravel-pits as was nigh, thinking to save hisself by the water, and he'd chance it anyways. And Ned wouldn't be baulked like that, and jumped too; and there he come right atop o' the other, and broke his leg wi' the shock, the

water being so shalla'; and Ned hadn't not a stroke o' harm. 'I've a had ye in my grip before, my man; but I've got ye fast now,' says he, quite satisfied. And the other looks up and says, so bitter, 'Ye've a done a shrewd turn to yer sister's husband and yer niece's father, Ned Wynyate; that's what ye have. My blood be upo' yer head now that I'm took; and ye shall rue it to yer dying day.' For the other gauger come up just then, and he says Ned did look uncommon took aback when he found out who t'were, and so red i' the face and so crass as nobody mightn't speak to him scarce, after they got away Norton out o' the pit."

"And what will they have done with poor father after that?" said Lettice, with much anxiety. "They can't take him to gaol, and him with his leg broke like that, surely?"

"They'll put him away into the prison hospital for to get well afore they tries him, they says; but that'll be all."

"Twere an ugly trick by one's own kinsman. I could wish as Ned hadn't a done it," said Mrs. Wynyate, in her outspoken way about friend and foe.

"Poor Ned! I'm sure he must be sorry enough by now," sighed Amyas.

"He were ever so anxious for to get forrard i' the world," moralized Job; "and he says, says he, 'I wants to do summat altogether out o' the common way like; and there now he have been and gone and took and done it. Them as is quiet, and bides at home, don't get into such scrapes," he concluded, with much dignity.

"Uncle Amyas, won't you take me to Mapleford to see father?" cried Lettice, tearfully.

"Yes, child, and welcome," answered he. "They'll not let thee bide wi' him; but sure 'twill be a comfort to him to see thy face in that sad place. And cousin Susan maybe 'll take us in for a bit. 'Tis a sore time sin' I've been near the old place, and I don't say I shall be glad to see it again," he muttered to himself.

They saw and heard nothing of Ned, although the whole Forest rang with his successful capture of the redoubted Red Jack. He was by no means thin-skinned; but it galled him to be everywhere congratulated on his "unflinching sense of duty," and the ironical compliments of the very revenue officers themselves upon his "public-spirited conduct" towards his own family were not exactly the sort of renown which he desired.

"How were I to know the man as I hadn't seen since I were a child?" he re-

peated, passionately. "And as if I were to blame, him coming across my duty like that."

Amyas's bad time seemed now to have reached a crisis.

"There's a letter from them lawyers saying Wallcott's agoing to foreclose and take possession, that he won't give a day's more time," said he, moodily, one morning soon after to the rest.

"Well, I'm sure I thought yon young chap would ha' seen to it, and kep' off his father; he promised so fair," broke out Job, earnestly.

"There ain't much rest to be found for them as puts their trust in man," observed Mrs. Wynyate, severely. "I never thought much o' that young Wallcott, or what ye could any way find to see in him, with his hair like a wisp o' hay for colour, and so wishy-washy too after pleasuring and pastimes as a man ought to be ashamed o' wasting his time so," she added, indignantly, looking with a frown at Lettice, who turned away with a flush upon her face.

"Why don't I hear from him? Why don't he send a word or a sign?" moaned the poor girl to herself, as she went out into the wood-yard, nominally to search for the produce of a wandering laying hen. "I couldn't do other than I did that time at the Puckspiece, sure he must know that, and he all one as if he had my father's blood upon his hands as it were—he must know that," she repeated to herself again and again, as she went up and down in the bitter wind. The gusts were bringing down the leaves by thousands, and blowing them before her in a wild dance, and all the gorgeous colouring which had so lighted up the world a few days before had now been swept away by the ruthless weather. "He should write," she went on, "if it were only to say as there's an end o' it all with me; 'twould be no wonder wi' this hanging over father's head I'm sure, on'y what must most like be; but he should make Ned write or something. How shall I ever live on like this, wi'out knowing a bit what he's thinking of or doing; and he can't but tell now what's going on here, with his father putting in for the mortgage?"

As she came back into the house she met Amyas and Job in consultation.

"We'll just have to go over to Mapleford to-morrow, Lettie," said her uncle. "I must see the lawyers along o' all this mess, and we ought to look us out a counsellor for to defend yer father upo' his trial when it comes."

"What I want to know is this here," observed Job, with his most solemn nod of the head. "If we hires a lawyer to defend we, who bees to pay he? that's what I'm axing Amyas, I am."

"I'm not going to throw good money after bad fighting the mortgage, if ye mean that," replied his brother; "but Norton mustn't be left without help like; we'd cut some trees, only I don't know what's ourn and what ain't now. But we'll sell a cow, or make any shift sooner nor that."

"Father's got some money — enough for that anyhow, wi'out robbing you, uncle Amyas," cried Lettice eagerly with a blush, feeling secretly for the little bag, from which she never parted company.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE AISLE OF MAPLEFORD MINSTER.

"So you're pegging away again," said the old blind man as he assisted at the departure. "'Tis a terrible big traveller as you've a got to be, Lettice; better nor fifty mile they says you've a bin already, and here ye are gadding off again!"

"It ain't gadding, Dannel," replied she sadly — "on'y to see poor father in prison."

"And out o' sight the best place he could be in too," muttered he, "where he can't a do hurt to nobody; that's my way o' thinking."

"You'll have a jobbet to get in dry to Mapleford to-day," observed Job, dismally. "'Twill be shower off, shower on, till night, I take it."

"We shan't mind — shall us, Lettice? It won't hurt if the weather is a little lippy," said Amyas with a smile, wrapping a horse-cloth round her as they drove away. "I mustn't lose time seeking for some place for us all to bide in, and I'm hoping something might turn up where we're going, though cousin Susan's give up the tanyard."

He spoke so much more cheerfully than usual, that Lettice looked round surprised. In truth, the pain of suspense had been more difficult for him to bear than even the misfortune of leaving the home to which he once clung so fondly; to sit and wait for the knife to fall, without any power of averting it, had taken the pleasure out of every act and every feeling of possession now for so many years, that it was more a relief from a burden than as a loss that the blow fell at last.

A shining island of light, where the sun broke through the clouds, lit up the high "lawns" (a "lawn" is only unploughed pasture-land) and the steep chalk landslips

showing white against the round grassy downs, as they came in sight of Mapleford, sitting in its low valley. Among the flat water meadows which followed the line of the river, and were of a brilliant green even so late in the year, here and there a tall poplar stood out like a spire among the great round-headed elms scattered in the hedge-rows: grey-blues, blue-greens, the harmony of the colouring was extreme. And in the midst stood the stately old Minster, every part of it, from its grey stone tower to its round-headed windows, with their toothed mouldings and mighty buttresses, giving a feeling of its hoar antiquity.

Not far from the Cathedral, on the hill-side, stood five little square boxes, slated to a point, exactly alike.

"There, them's what my uncle built just afore he died; and Susan gets a good rent for 'um too," said Amyas, pointing to them with some pride.

There are many ways in which Mr. Darwin's "struggle for life" is carried on; and in many things the meanest, shabbiest, and cheapest win the day. In architecture they are, certainly at present, the most successful. Given the smallest quantity of material to cover a certain space — result, red boxes. One has a very keen sense that civilization is by no means all gain, as one looks at the productions of the ages of barbarism, and compares them with those of our own "enlightened time."

They crossed the river by a high stone bridge almost as ancient as the Minster; but Mapleford was older than its bridge, as was marked by its name. The town brought together on the "ford" of the "Ox" must have existed before that on the "bridge" of the "Cam."

As they drove up the narrow, steep street, Lettice, who had never seen anything more gorgeous than the village shop, was amazed at the magnificence before her.

"Look, uncle, at all them beautiful things hanging there! Why, what will they do wi' all those yards upo' yards?"

"Well, it do look as if there was napery and drapery enough for to last the county till doomsday," answered he, smiling.

"And the pictures! Isn't it wonderful to see the folk all pass by and niver so much as stop to look in; surely, surely! But I shouldn't love to be shut in with walls o' this fashion, and nought but a tiddy bit o' blue sky right atop o' one's head. I hope uncle Amyas won't want to live here," she said sorrowfully to herself.

When they drove up to Mrs. Susan's door, her welcome was of the coldest.

"Yes, I can put up yer and Lettie, I desay, for a day, or maybe two, while you're looking out," said she; "but it's a very trouble thing for one's belongings to be took up like that Norton; so ill-convenient, as one may say, for to have one's first-cousin's husband maybe hanged or transported. One has no credit for one's kindred so."

Poor Lettice winced, coloured, grew pale, and turned away with the tears in her eyes.

"Nay, cousin," said Amyas, in a vexed tone, "it won't come so bad as that. And you needn't fear for your good name; you that has married out on it all, and don't belong, nor nothing. Ye'll try sure and have respect before her father's child," he whispered anxiously.

"Law," said that lady, "if I didn't clean forget all about her! 'Tis so long sin' I've a seen any o' ye, that it stands to reason I can't mind how one and another is jined together."

"Well, I must go and see about the lawyer for Norton, and the permit for the girl to see him, and a deal more, let alone my own business," said Amyas, in a hurry to get away.

"Can't I go with ye, uncle?" said Lettice, anxiously catching at any opening which might save her from being left with her dreaded cousin.

"Yer might just go into the Minster, child, if ye like. I mind how oft I used to get into trouble wi' my uncle, looking in at the music. 'Tis nigh the hour o' afternoon service, and 'twill serve to while away the time. I sha'n't be back this ever so long. Ye can find yer own way home by yourself, I'll be bound." And he left her in the Close. All was so silent there that when the shouts of two passing boys were echoed back from the walls of the Cathedral, Lettice could not help wondering at their wickedness: the only sound came from the jackdaws wheeling round the tower, and the rooks cawing in the lofty elms, which yet looked dwarfed by the size of the enormous pile.

She opened the little wicket in the south door, and entered under the mighty old grey arches. Many a king and bishop and great chief slept under their quiet aisles; and though Lettice was unconscious even that they ever had existed, there was a sort of solemn rest in the place which soothed and quieted her. The organ was pealing under the majestic vault, poised as it were in the air, arch upon arch rising high up into the heavens. It seemed a strange creation to have been reared by petty creatures like herself, men who "looked like flies,"

she said to herself as she looked up and saw a man performing some little work of reparation somewhere up in the skies.

The disproportion between the work and the worker is nowhere so great. In all buildings raised by man for his own use there is a plain serving of a visible end; but the purely impersonal character of the thought of these nameless architects who built for the glory of God alone, the lavish pouring out of all men's best gifts for what was thought to be His service, is a very grand and touching testimony to the intenseness of the belief in the unseen in those days, which we have not gained by losing.

Two old deaf women and a blind man were the paid audience and spectators of the grand choral service sounding to those otherwise empty walls; the sole enjoyers of that great poem written in stone.

She sat down on a bench in a quiet corner, while the music seemed to warp and whirl her up into a new heaven of sound. It is like a sixth sense, that understanding of what music has to tell,—to perceive the whole world of images and sensations into which it alone opens the door. "*Le règne du son commence où celui de la parole finit*," says Lamartine. Presently came the prayers in what the intoning made appear to her a strange language; but the intention comforted her even when she could not follow the words, and the closing "Amen" seemed to her like voices from heaven answering. A long ray of light came through a western window. "Seems as if the angels must come up and down that way into the church," thought she to herself. She could see, where she sat, into one of the transepts, full of monuments, statues, and busts, which looked strangely eerie as the evening light faded gradually away. All sorts of curious fancies passed through her head, born of music. "I wonder whether them dead people steps down at night off of their tombstones into the church, and meets together to speak, p'raps, o' what they done aforetime in their lives?" thought she.

It was a stranger company if they did than she could understand—kings and pious men, light ladies and bishops, holy nuns, soldiers, abbesses, and statesmen mingled together in wonderful confusion.

There was one lust which she fixed upon as like the idea of her dead mother, whose presence seemed almost to hover over her. It is strange how there is something so sacred in the very name of a mother that, even where the person has been very indifferent and careless, or even harsh, the relation still remains as a holy memory, as in Lettice's case, and the child, if the loss has

been in infancy, so as to throw the halo of time and mystery over it, worships the idea as a sort of guardian angel, to the wronging often of those living and loving far more.

She was sitting at the foot of one of the enormous stone masses of clustered columns, which looked almost as large as a house in itself, and she gazed up into the mighty labyrinth of arches and roofs above her head. Each part in a Gothic structure seems to grow out of each by a natural and ever-varying sequence, there is something so living in it; while a Palladian or Italian building obtains height by simply piling a repetition of column and architrave and niche one upon the other again and again, — a far more awkward and inartificial manner of accomplishing it. When the storm of solemn sound thrilling through the aisles came to a stop, the dead stillness seemed to have a charm for her which was almost a music in itself. She woke up from a sort of trance into which it had thrown her, and, as she got up timidly to go out after the choristers, she saw Everhard standing watching her a little way off from behind a grim grating. She was not surprised; somehow, she felt as if all good and true things must be born of that glorious gift of sound.

"Lettice," said he, impatiently, "I saw you passing with your uncle towards the Close, a long way off, and followed after, but the choir door was shut in my face before I could get in; and there I have been trying all this while to make you turn, and you never so much as stirred, sitting there looking so calm and quiet, and I chafing outside. What are you doing here?" he went on, in an aggrieved tone.

"We came part for to see my father, if so be I could," said she, sadly. "He's been took, ye know, and has broke his leg, and —"

"Yes, I know," he answered, hurriedly; and then, anxious to get her off the line of thought which the subject led to, "A wonderful bad time we had in the Channel t'other night, you may depend on't."

"You got all safe back?" said she, with a little emphasis on the "all," which he understood, and looked at her suspiciously, not liking the Caleb topic much better than the last. He made a third attempt.

"Your uncle's come about the mortgage, I suppose? I wrote you word how that I thought to have stopp'd all about it with my father, and that he'd promised the matter should lay by," he went on, drawing her arm within his, and burrying on with her, he did not care where, up into the transept.

"Oh, that was the letter as was lost,"

she thought to herself, but she did not speak.

"I only heard about what he'd done yesterday, and came up here directly, and flung it at him that he'd broke his word with me; and I'm not bound any longer to wait, as I promised. Come off with me somewhere, and let us be married quick. Why should we wait any longer like this? Once it were done, they'd all be quiet enough, and satisfied, you'd soon see."

There are no such decided measures taken as by a somewhat undecided man — partly perhaps because he is governed by impulse, and partly because he is very much afraid of being governed by any one else.

"But I can't leave 'um all that way; and yer father's quite right, maybe, not to let ye take up with my father's child," said the poor girl, looking up anxiously at him through her gathering tears. "We mustn't go agin him as is, after all, thinking for your good; and, maybe, if we wait patient he may come round after a bit, as ye said; but the other thing we never can undo."

"You don't care for me, Lettice," he said, flinging away her hand, but taking it again directly: "you care for some one else; you throw me over when ye are out of sight. Why did ye never answer my letter which I wrote to the Woodhouse so long ago?" he went on, vehemently. "I've been true to you; I've quarrelled with my father about it all, so that I've scarce been near home all these months, and there you've been forgetting me with strange new people and things. What was that Caleb to you, or you to him, when you were troth-plighted to me?" he said, working himself up into a state of wrathful indignation, with a sort of dim sense that to declare himself wronged, although he could not exactly tell how, gave him a kind of power over her, and kept off the thought of the way in which they had last met, and the reason she had to complain of his attack upon her father.

"Nothing, nothing; he weren't nothing to me, and never were; how could I ever think o' he? I couldn't help it if he cared for me," cried Lettice, timidly.

"Well, then, what reason can there be why you shouldn't give consent to marry?"

"How can I leave uncle Amys, as has been so good to me, in his trouble?" said the poor girl. "And you know we mustn't do what can't be done openly before God and man."

"You'd be doing him most good by marrying me, Lettice; you must see that. 'Twould settle a heap o' things, about money and mortgages and all."

"And then my father? I must see my father; and till it's all settled what's to happen about him?" said she, with a shiver: "how can I think o' marrying, or giving in marriage? and you know there's things hanging over us that you mayn't maybe wish it yerself then."

Everhard winced, but he recovered himself. By this time he was hotly in earnest, on horseback on his new thought. The very strength of the passion into which he had worked himself, and the opposition, which he did not expect from her, goaded him on, perhaps farther than he would have gone in cold blood.

"I don't care about your father; it isn't him I want to marry; it's you, and you know it. And, Lettice, just see here: it's me as wants now to make all straight for yer uncle, and planning all sorts of sacrifices for you, and you won't move an inch for me. Let us alone," he said, turning angrily to the beadle—who, regardless of delicate perplexities, was driving them remorselessly before him out at the door. "There's a shilling for you to leave us quiet," he went on, remembering there was no other form of words understood by that functionary.

"Oh, mother!" cried poor Lettice, as they passed and repassed under the marble bust round which she had chosen to hang her longing desire for a mother, "what ever shall I do? won't you help me and tell him it ain't right, and we musn't do it?"

"You must turn out if ye don't want to see the monuments. There's St. Swithin's, what brings the rain, or, maybe, the bit o' a skull and the plait o' red hair o' a Saxon lady as were found in an oak coffin three feet six inches below the stone floor when——" pursued the inexorable beadle, returning upon them. "It's tea-time," he explained, as they turned a deaf ear to this delightful offer. "I can't wait no longer, unless so be it were to——"

Everhard would have compounded for the sight of any amount of scalps of any colour, but Lettice walked rapidly away down the nave, and in a few minutes they were once more in the open air.

He did not cease his urging, as he kept close by her side; but her gentleness had no touch of weakness in it; she had by this time made up her mind what was right, and as Mary had once said of her, nothing then would turn her—she "was like a little rock." As they crossed by the corner of

the Close they came upon Amyas, who was coming back to fetch her.

"Leave her alone, young man," said he, gravely. "What is it you want her to do, as you should urge a lone girl like that?" and he took his niece's arm within his own almost angrily.

"He's been doing all he could wi' his father for us, uncle Amyas," whispered Lettice anxiously, as Everhard still kept close alongside them.

"He've no business with it, any way: let him go his way, and leave us to follow ourn. It ain't real love of you, but love of hisself, if he drives and strives wi' a woman like that. What is it, Lettice, as he wants you to do so sorely?"

But neither of them gave any answer. "You'd speak fast enough both on ye if 'twere anything to be proud on," said Amyas bitterly.

"You always turn it against me, whatever it is I do," answered Everhard indignantly. "I'm not ashamed one bit of what I wanted: I asked her to marry me out o' hand, and have done with it. You'd soon all be content enough once it were finished and settled."

"Has yer father took back his word any more since that day I heard him swear he'd see you ruined first?"

Everhard was silent.

"Have ye even got a blessed sixpence you can call yer own for to nourish her, or a home to shelter her in, as isn't his'n?"

"Russell's very angry at me being out so much; he's just said I sha'n't stop in the office any longer," blurted out Everhard, incautiously; "but I'll find something else to do."

"There!" said Amyas, walking on faster as he spoke, and drawing Lettice with him. In his dislike for the young man, he was as unjust to the love which was, after all, making him risk everything for her, as Everhard was to him. "You and yours has got the Woodhouse, and a'most everything belonging to us. If ye want my ewe lamb, as is pretty nigh all is left me, you come wi' yer father's consent i' yer hand like a man, fair and open afore the world—that's what I have to say to ye, Everhard Wallcott, and then we'll see!" They had reached the busy street; the young man caught one glimpse of the little gentle face looking sadly and regretfully back, and then they parted.

From The London Review.
CHILDREN.

PERHAPS there is no truer thing in Shakespeare than his division of the life of man into so many ages, each of which is represented by a separate player upon the world's stage. It is not easy for any one in after life to realize the fact that he or she was once, and not so very long ago, a damp, unpleasant baby. Of that first part of our existence none of us know much; but of our second part—

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school,"

almost all of us retain a very lively recollection. Not that we were all whining, or all crept unwillingly to school; but, nevertheless, the joys and sorrows of those days are indelibly printed on our memories, rather as happening to some boy or girl of our acquaintance, and who was dear to us, with whom we sympathized, and whom we pity or admire still, than as having occurred to us in our own early youth. In those days joy was ecstasy and sorrow was despair; sensation was intense but brief; now it is faint and long drawn out. There were terrible moments in that spring-time of life. Who does not remember the first day at school when turned into the playground among a lot of big, rough, unsympathizing, strange boys?—good fellows, most of them, but terrible in their want of veneration for all appertaining to the home and adjuncts of their small new schoolfellow. Then to some came nights when they lay down in misery, and mornings when they awoke with an undefined sensation of dread, all because of that Greek or Latin in which they were consciously deficient. There used to be, too, masters who, not content to punish with cane or task, would scold with a shrewish, reckless tongue; from long practice clever at wounding the feelings of children, knowing their tenderest parts both in body and spirit. It has happened to a boy who has broken down in a line of Latin to be denounced by his master, before the whole school, as a thief who was picking his father's pocket, in that he had not learned what his father had paid for his being taught. Of course the dull and careless boy puts his tongue in his cheek and grins the moment the master's eyes are turned away, while one who is sensitive and high-spirited is filled with passionate indignation. Such a boy feels injured and outraged, and the insult rankles in his heart, possibly for the rest of his life. He never hears of or thinks of his old master but—like the schoolboy

when told that Julius Caesar in danger of drowning swam to land carrying his Commentaries in his teeth—he exclaims audibly or mentally, "the beast." In these latter days flogging seems to be pretty well abolished, but we will venture to say that a boy who is worth anything will feel less dishonoured by a caning than by the scolding of a savage and spiteful man.

But to leave schoolmasters and come to the parents themselves. Do they, as a rule, treat their children with an intelligent sympathy? A man whose days are spent in the City, and whose talk is of stocks and funds, of law, or the produce-market, what is generally his idea of duty to his children? Probably it is to leave them as much money as possible. He forgets the romance of his childhood, and how he once was entranced by Robinson Crusoe; how his soul went out with that desolate hero as he built his hut to dwell in; how his flesh crept on his little bones at the footprint in the sand; and how he felt that to be shipwrecked on a desert island was a blessing reserved by the gods for those especially favoured by them. If a man would only call these things to mind, he would tell the good wife at home to be a little blind to the torn knickerbockers and dirty boots of the boys, who have their own desert island, their canoes, their savages, and their wild beasts, even as he had in the days that come not again to him. Perhaps, though, they may come again to him, if, instead of ridiculing the romance of his children's lives, and chilling the best and most joyous side of their natures, he sympathizes with them. Then, perhaps, they will let him watch them as they make their own cave, and plant the willow wands that are to sprout and grow and hide the entrance to their retreat. If he has been a companion to them both in body and in spirit, they will take him into their confidence, and use his greater muscular strength to assist them in their labours; of his intellect in such matters they will, at best, we fear, have but a low opinion, for he must not expect to rival the great Crusoe himself. Then, as he becomes their beast of burden, their hewer of wood, their deliver in the soil, perhaps those long lost days may come again. If then, with the sweat of unaccustomed labour on his brow, he lies on the green turf, a little off from the wild shrubbery where the children have their own domain, and watches the little Crusoe as he walks around his island, and in pretended unconsciousness comes near the band of whispering savages, there will be a lighter heart within his breast than within that of many a more successful and perhaps many a better

man. On the other hand, if he has treated his children's romances with ridicule, has made fairies a laughing-stock, denied the existence of the great Crusoe, and has sat in the seat of the scorner, he had better not go near the children when their small hearts beat high, and their souls pant after the unknown. The first glance of an unsympathizing person scatters their imaginations; each one will walk off in a different direction, and while the intruder is near their joys are ended. Perhaps the sight of this may make him touchy, and he takes the opportunity to remark upon troublesome children always digging holes, making themselves dirty, and tearing their clothes. The man who does this may be pronounced by his friends a good father, he may leave his children abundance of money, and when he is dead and gone they may remember him with respect as an excellent man of business, prudent and honourable, but their hearts will not go up to him with passionate yearning and affection, nor until they themselves are old men and women will they always mention his name with that tenderness of voice and look of love that should keep his memory green to his children's children after him.

It is given but to very few of us to hand down to posterity a name made great and famous in the world's strife. We are most of us plodding, uninteresting folk, who seem to leave no mark on the world: history will never know us. But the capacity for producing either misery or happiness is hereditary, and does not stop with us. The children of captious, exacting parents are often themselves captious and exacting; while the memory of loving sympathy bestowed upon ourselves in our young days begets in us the like sympathy towards others. In this way we can all do a good work in the world, and leave behind us loving remembrances. What is it a man dwells upon in the memory of his parents passed away? We fancy it is the games played and races run together rather than the money left behind them. It is the parents who must educate the child; the school-master will never do it. He may cram a certain amount of Greek and Latin into a boy's head, but there he stops. He will never supply the place of the father. It is for the latter to rouse in a child a taste for what is noble and beautiful. Above all, youth should be a time for love and peace and happiness; for none can say what shall come after! Who does not creep with pain at the cry of a child? Let the little ones, at all events, have a happy childhood to look back upon, and then, let fate do her

worst, it cannot rob them of the remembrance of the past joys, which are their inheritance forever.

From The London Review.
CHAUCER'S ENGLAND.*

THIS is, in all respects, a singular work. One is no less surprised than gratified to meet a writer who has at once the frank audacity and the skill to take up materials which time and tradition have almost rendered sacred, and, by the admixture of personal opinion, odd suggestion, and intelligent and far-reaching comparison, to create out of these a thoroughly fresh and entertaining book. It would be hard to name anything which is not in this picture of "Chaucer's England" — except dulness. It abounds with passages of the finest and most sensitive literary criticism which we have met with for many a year. It contains historical parallels in which the writer shows the rare gift of being able to grasp the results of long transitoral periods. It has poetry, fiction, antiquarianism, brought in to lend a helping hand in causing a certain time in the history of England to thrill with life and colour. Indeed, as we have already hinted, the book deals with Chaucer's England, *plus* Matthew Browne. Whenever some stately pageant or some humorous show comes before us, we are conscious at the same moment of the presence at our elbow of an acute and intelligent observer, who explains, and points out, and compares. Instead of this book upon the England of Chaucer's time being, as it might have been, a laborious and well-meant compilation of curious memoranda — a bundle of antiquarian rags and tatters, very curious, but not very inviting — it is a series of illustrations, full of minute accuracy and information, and yet lambent with the picturesque glow and colour of the writer's imagination. For instance, we are not in the habit of having the influence of worldly reminiscences upon the mind of "a chronicling old monk" described in this fashion: —

"So long as the house of the religious recluse was a centre of hospitality, and a sanctuary in times of violence, the monks must have possessed a considerable knowledge of the outer world, and then, being debarred from any share in its activities, they would naturally enough become their chroniclers and commentators. It is impossible, try as we may, to make real to the mind the feelings of a religious recluse with

* Chaucer's England. By Matthew Browne. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

respect to the outer world, in a day when the lines of demarcation between the sacred and the secular were so sharply and decisively drawn; but for a priest of any imagination and moral force, points of contact would be found. Let any man, having given himself up to the spirit of the place, and heard the chanting and thought himself back a few hundred years as well as he can, stand in the nave of Westminster Abbey, and, under those awful columnar arches, which seem as if they would draw closer and closer every moment, look up at the painted window through which shines the bright afternoon sun. The feeling of the vowed recluse, accustomed to the cell, the cloister, the vigil, and the silence he cannot have; the use and wont he must miss; but he may help his imagination by permitting the long aisle of Gothic arches to do their natural work upon him. Neither the square nor the round arch affects the mind like the pointed, in which the spire is added; and while the lofty point appears as if it might for ever go on rising, the columns and the arch seem as if they might for ever draw closer and closer around and over the man who stands below and looks upwards. In the distance, indeed, the movements of approach seems already begun — there is motion in these arches — a stifling sense of being shut in comes over me as I stand. Suddenly I lift my eyes to the stained window, and what is the effect? All the outer world seems to come in and descend upon me, through the bright colour and the shining that will not be shut out. The plumed knight goes cantering by, with the light on his corslet; the fair lady on her ambling palfrey, with her peaked head-gear and blue velvet bodice; the statesman, the citizen, the labourer, the poor man's wife, the motley of the streets; the king's pleasure-*barge*, the swans, and the wherry boat on the river; the Tower, and the markets, and the bordering fields; the young men and the maidens, the old and the mature, who are yet full of life, the husbandman with the flail, the churl in the stocks, the magistrate on the seat of justice — the world I have quitted for my cloister pours in upon me like motes in a shaft of suggestion; and for me to write a chronicle will be as natural as for Crusoe to notch his stick."

For the reasons suggested above, we prefer the first of these volumes to the second. The first deals more with Chaucer and his writings, illustrating them as chance requires by descriptions of their surroundings; but the second volume, dealing more particularly with these surroundings themselves, is necessarily more of a compilation. Very interesting the compilation is, the author having evidently spared no pains in making his book a trustworthy reflex of Chaucer's times. "If the plan of this book," says Mr. Matthew Browne, in a postscript, "had been different, my own taste and my own notion of what ought to be interesting would have led me to compose it entirely of extracts,

with a very few brief explanatory comments." We are very glad that Mr. Browne was not allowed to follow out this notion. Anybody can make extracts; and there are always a large number of people engaged in so manufacturing books. But that they are interesting, except to people who can again make use of the raw material thus raked together, we are inclined to doubt. The particular excellence of the present work lies in the very fact that the antiquarian jottings about "Chaucer's England," which are more or less familiar to cultivated readers, have here found a translator and exponent capable of transfusing into them his own personal feeling, and lending to them the light of his own interpretation, so that, instead of a "Manual of Dates," we have a series of bright and interesting essays which would be delightful even if they were founded on fiction. Here, for instance, is a passage upon hawking, which is surely very different in style from the work of the "extractor": —

"It was the gun, of course, that at last put an end to hawking. No doubt, shooting with the fowling-piece is a less cruel method of catching birds than catching them by setting birds of prey at them; but it is hard not to regret the charming sport, —

'Only a page that carols unseen,
Fitting your hawks their jesses.'

Was there ever a brighter, freer, more musical suggestion put into a couplet? For two things I have many a time sat in a waking dream and wished myself for a short space in the middle ages. I should like to have the mediæval Christian faith for a day; to sit in a cathedral, join in the service, thrill at the 'Dies Iræ,' listen to the tread of the passing worshipper as if he were walking in the very aisles of everlasting fate, and watch, with fear and passion, the face of my dear lady as the light through the painted window slanted over her brow. And I should like to go out hawking with my dear lady, for a morning also. True, my love and I would need to be much more hard-hearted than men and women of gentle nurture in the days of Victoria; but let that pass, for a day only. And let me go forth with her into the open, and trot to the river-side, with the falconers at such a distance that they cannot hear our talk, which is, I need not say, of Lancelot, Sir Isambard, the 'Tale of Troy,' the last tourney (at which I won with my lady's colours on my shoulder), and my own undying passion. Up sweeps the wind, charged with the soft odours of many a travelled mile, and gently buffs my lady's cheek till it is like an apple, 'the side that's next the sun.' We see the river a little ahead. A king-fisher darts up from among the tall rushes. There is a heron, and we mean to have him. Take off the hood, let go the jesses,

up springs the falcon, his bells jingling, and the real sport of the day is begun. If this is not better than going out blazing away with a gun at once noisome and noisy (instead of musical), I have no taste. It is a poor excuse to say that you kill more game with one gun than you could with a whole stand of falcons, and in half the time. There speaks the greedy stomach. Give me the poetry, and you may take the victuals. But it is useless complaining. The argument from cruelty is a good one, and not even for the pleasure of missing Mr. Cole's shop (which so annoys Mr. Matthew Arnold) at the corner, and the pleasure of feeling that I might go out hawking to-morrow, would I wish the king's mews back to Charing-cross."

Graver, but not less beautiful and sympathetic, is the following passage upon "Merry" England:—

"There are, after all, two or three particulars, if no more, in which we may find a suggestion that the England of to-day really and truly is less merry than the England of the middle ages. One obvious consideration is, that the population in general have not the same simple religious faith that they had then. It is easier for a man with a superstition to be merry, than one with a half-faith. There is thus a sense in which a poor Italian peasant may be merrier than a well-to-do Englishman. He can devote his sins on his confessor, his troubles on his patron saint, and so lay down his cares. Undoubtedly merriment of this order does not accompany a general sense of responsibility, such as it is our aim to cultivate in England now; though, in the time of Chaucer, responsibility was not for churls any more than falconry was. Another obvious point is, that the squalid contrasts of great towns are not favourable to merriment; though they are to drunkenness. And yet another point is, that England is not now a conquering country. War brings mourning, but it brings elation also. The meanest man in the population partakes of the sense of power which a victory brings to a country. Once more, we must take into account, perhaps, the gradual civification of the surface of the land, and the removal of the country to a distance from the eyes of so large a number of the people. The return of the spring, the sight of the near meadows, 'painted with delight,' as Shakespeare says, the sights and sounds of harvest-home, were all occasions of common joy to the people in a thousand places where they now miss any such excitements, sweet and wholesome as they were. It may be said, even now, that when the fine days begin, the town pours out its wholesome merriment into the green suburbs, whoever stays within the stony bounds for amusement. The sweethearts, and the boys and girls—all whose hearts overflow with natural gladness—go off into the fields to romp and be gay. If they want any pleasure *made* for them, it is of a very simple character—a merry go-round is enough; but better is the pleasure they make

for themselves at kiss-in-the-ring or leap-frog. It is scarcely possible to doubt that there was more of this spontaneous pleasure-making in the England of the Edwards than there is now. But of course the change in this particular is part of a larger change which lies, we hope, in the path to a greater good. The lightness, of which I speak as a main characteristic of Chaucer's writings, is long ago gone from our literature, and the other forms of our art do not help us as they ought. When our religion and our art have overtaken the problems set them by the changing conditions of our history, we shall have no reason, even if we now had any reason, to regret Merry England."

We have incidentally mentioned the literary criticism which occurs in this work. The running commentary on Chaucer, which is the backbone of the book, gives occasion for an analysis of the "Canterbury Tales" in particular, which we cannot describe otherwise than as masterly. Matthew Browne's criticism, as he has shown in previous works, is at all times fresh, unconventional, and, in an eminent degree, suggestive; but in the present case the largeness of the topic seems to have called forth a corresponding largeness of sympathy and of effort, which together have produced a most valuable commentary upon Chaucer's writings. It is impossible to give any idea by means of extracts—which would themselves most likely contain copious illustrative extracts from Chaucer—of this comprehensive study of our first great English poet; but the following glimpse may be taken of the style of treatment. The author is replying to the charge sometimes brought against Chaucer of his having constructed the "Canterbury Tales" in imitation of the "Decameron":—

"Boccaccio makes a number of ladies and gentlemen run away from the plague to a country house, and there among arbours, fountains, birds, and other such pretty things, tell tales to each other, in order that they may forget the misery which the very sunshine they are enjoying at peace lights up not far off. The whole conception is evidently mediæval-Italian—cowardly, romantic, and thin. The treatment is artificial and bald, so far as the framework or 'fable' is concerned. What can be poorer or more theatrical than all this twaddle about the birds, the trees, and the sunshine? It needs not to say that many of the stories have exceeding merit; and some of them, to which Chaucer's tales run parallel, are told with a grace, and above all, with a snaky Italian finesse, which, of course, we do not find in Chaucer. But it is in the framework of his 'Canterbury Tales' that Chaucer is by universal consent at his best. In the first place, an English poet of the fourteenth century did not need to travel far for so very obvious and natural an

idea as that of making wayfarers amuse each other by the telling of stories. In the second place, Chaucer's 'fable' is thoroughly English, and widely different from that of the 'Decameron.' Its Englishness we recognize at a glance—the inn, the company, the good fellowship, the common purpose (so different from mere running away or retirement), the straightforward look of the pilgrims in the poet's picture—all this is, I repeat, thoroughly English, and as peculiar to Chaucer as anything English can be."

Considering the immense multitude of facts contained in such a work as the present, we have remarked singularly few errors, and these are of slight consequence. In one place the author quotes Hallam to show that in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth chimneys were unknown in this country; and that some time later, in certain parts, "the fire was in the midst of the house, or against a hob of clay, while the oxen lived under the same roof." But to find, as the normal condition of cottage-life, a fire in the middle of the earthen floor, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, the family bed on one side, and the cattle ranged upon the other, with no partition between, Mr. Browne has only, in these present times, to visit the western isles of Scotland. Elsewhere he remarks on the probable emotions of a modern artist in cookery if asked to prepare for dinner, among other things, a peacock. A visit to Leadenhall Market, at certain seasons of the year, would show our author that the taste for peacock is not quite obsolete; and a practical trial of the bird would further convince him that our ancestors, in eating peacock, showed a sound gastronomic judgment. On the question of porpoise we are not in a position to say anything; while tansy-pudding is offensive in its very name. These, however, are but trifling slips in a work which deals with a profoundly interesting subject, in a manner which is characterized by extreme freshness and intellectual force.

From The Magazine of Biography.
ERNEST JONES, Esq.

A GENTLEMAN whose name, twenty years ago, was prominently before the public in connection with the Chartist movement, Mr. Ernest Jones, died at Manchester, after a brief illness, on the 26th of January, having just completed his 60th year.

Mr. Jones was born on the 25th of January, 1819, at Berlin. His father, Major

Charles Jones, of the 15th Hussars, was descended from an old Norman family, settled in the Welsh Marches, and was equerry to the late Duke of Cumberland, who became King of Hanover under the title of Ernest I. The King was Mr. Jones's godfather. Major Jones bought an estate in Holstein, and remained there with his family till 1838. His son Ernest composed a number of poems when very young, which were afterwards published by Nealer, of Hamburg. At 11 years of age he disappeared from home, and was found with a bundle under his arm trudging across Lauenberg to "help the Poles," who were then in insurrection. Later he achieved some distinction at the College of St. Michael Lüneberg. In 1838 Major Jones removed to England with his family, and in 1841 young Ernest was presented to the Queen by the late Duke of Beaufort. He married Miss Atherly, of Barfield, Cumberland, whose father and uncle were the heads of old Conservative families, but Mr. Jones clung to his Radical prepossessions. In this year appeared the first of his larger works, a romance entitled "The Wood Spirit," published anonymously by Boone of New Bond-street. Some songs and poems followed, and in Easter term, 1844, Mr. Jones was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

He now commenced what promised to be a successful professional career on the Northern Circuit, but, in an evil hour for his position and prospects as a barrister, he joined the Chartists, and rapidly became their leader. This was in 1845, when Sir Robert Peel's government was in power. Long before this, however, the Chartists had contrived to attract to their proceedings a considerable share of the public attention. The body was called into existence soon after the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, and they demanded what they termed the six points of the People's Charter, viz:—Universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, payment of the members, the abolition of the property qualification, and equal electoral districts. To this day the only point which has been conceded is the abolition of the property qualifications for members of the House of Commons, and this was adopted in the same session that witnessed the admission of Jews to Parliament, that of 1858, when the Conservatives were in power. Seven years before Mr. Jones took a prominent part in the agitation, the Chartists had assembled in great force in various parts of the kingdom, armed with guns, pikes, and other weapons, and carrying torches. They conducted themselves

so tumultuously that on the 12th December, 1838, the Melbourne ministry found it expedient to issue a proclamation against them. At that time their headquarters was the borough of Birmingham, and the late Mr. Thomas Atwood was one of their most active leaders. In August 1838 a monster petition was agreed to at Birmingham at a so-called "National Convention," and a few months afterwards it was presented to parliament by Mr. Atwood. On the 15th July in this year they committed great outrages in the hardware capital, but the most extraordinary part of their proceedings up to this time was reserved for the borough of Newport, in Monmouthshire. The Chartists, on the 4th of November, collected from the mines and collieries in the neighbourhood to the number of 10,000, armed with guns, pikes, and clubs. They divided themselves into two bodies, one being under the command of Mr. John Frost, an ex-magistrate, while the other was under the leadership of his son. They met in front of the Westgate Hotel, where the magistrates were assembled with about thirty soldiers of the 45th Regiment, and a few special constables. The rioters commenced breaking the windows of the house, and fired on the inmates, wounding the mayor and several others. The soldiers returned the fire, dispersing the mob, which with its leaders fled from the town, leaving twenty dead, and many others dangerously wounded. For his share in this fatal affray, Frost and others of the leaders were sentenced to death, but the punishment was commuted to transportation for life. They received a pardon on the conclusion of peace with Russia in 1856.

Such was the class of men with which Mr. Ernest Jones became connected in 1845. To advocate the Chartist cause he not only gave up what promised to be a good and increasing practice at the bar, but he refused to accept any emolument for his services, and spent large sums in supporting what he believed to be the interests of the people. Both on the platform and in the press he was indefatigable in enforcing the claims of the political section to which he belonged. From time to time he issued *The Labourer*, *Notes of the People*, and other periodicals: and he established also *The People's Paper*, which remained the organ of the Chartists for eight years. In 1847 he unsuccessfully contested Halifax; but it was the following year which marked a memorable incident in his chequered career. On the 10th of April, 1848 — a day when, according to the late Sir James Graham, the throne of Europe rocked, and con-

stituted authorities trembled — the Chartists proposed to hold a mass meeting of 200,000 men on Kennington-common, to march them in procession to the house of parliament, and in this way to present a petition to the House of Commons. This obvious endeavour to overawe the legislature was, however, frustrated by the energetic action of the authorities. The Bank and other public establishments were guarded by military, and the approaches to Westminster bridge were commanded by artillery. The consequence was that not more than 20,000 men assembled on the common, the monster petition which had been prepared was sent to the House of Commons in detached rolls, and no fewer than 150,000 persons of all classes, including the present Emperor of the French, were sworn in as special constables.

During this excitement Mr. Jones delivered an inflammatory speech on 4th June, 1848, in Bishop Bonner's Fields, London. This speech the law officers of Lord John Russell's government held to be seditious. A warrant was accordingly issued against Mr. Jones, who was apprehended at Manchester on the night of the 6th, and immediately taken to London. The trial took place on the 10th of July, and Mr. Jones, together with the other prisoners arraigned at the same time, were declared guilty, and sentenced to long periods of imprisonment. The sentence against Mr. Jones was two years' solitary confinement, and he was further ordered to find two sureties of 100*l.* each, and to be bound in his own recognizances for 200*l.* to keep the peace for three years. His own published account of the severity of his treatment provoked a good deal of indignation. He was kept in solitary confinement on the silent system, enforced with the utmost rigour; for nineteen months he was neither allowed pen, ink, nor paper, but confined in a small cell, 13 feet by 6, varied only by a solitary walk in a small high-walled prison-yard. He obeyed all the prison regulations, excepting as to picking oakum, observing that for the sake of public order he would seek to conform to all forms and rules, but would never lend himself to voluntary degradation. To break his firmness on this point he was again and again imprisoned in a dark cell and fed on bread and water. On one occasion, while cholera was raging in London, this punishment was enforced, though the object of it was suffering from dysentery at the time, and he was consigned to a dark cell from which a man dying from cholera had just been removed. But such efforts were in vain. The prison authorities never

succeeded in making him perform the degrading labour task. In the second year of his imprisonment Mr. Jones was so broken in health that he could no longer stand upright. He was found lying on the floor of his cell, and then only taken to the prison hospital. He was told that if he would petition for his release, and promise to abjure politics, the remainder of his sentence would be remitted. But he refused his liberty on those conditions, and was reconsigned to his cell. While in prison he composed an epic, published after his release in 1851, entitled "The Revolt of Hindostan," entirely written with his blood on the leaves of the prison prayer-books.

Soon after his release from prison his uncle Mr. John Halton Annesley sent for him and asked if he would give up the principles by which he was "disgracing" his family. Mr. Jones was the old man's only relative. The answer he got from the advocate of democracy may be imagined from the fact that Mr. Annesley left all his property, said to be worth 2,000*l.* a-year, to his gardener, a man named Carter.

In 1853 Mr. Jones unsuccessfully contested Nottingham, and in 1857 he again tried his fortunes in that borough, but without avail. Meanwhile his name had come before the public as the author of several poems, and amongst these were "The Battle Day" (1855), "The Painter of Florence" (1856), "The Emperor's Vigil" (1856). These were followed by "Beldagon Church" and "Corayda" in 1860.

After the extinction of Chartism Mr. Jones returned to his practice on the Northern Circuit, and his name will be remembered in connection with the defence of the Fenian prisoners Allen, Gould, and Larkin, who were tried at Manchester in November 1867 for the murder of Police-Sergeant Brett.

At the general election which took place in November 1868, Mr. Jones stood as the third liberal candidate for Manchester, but although he received 10,746 votes he was not elected. On the Friday and Saturday preceding his death, in the novel experiment of a test ballot in that city, Mr. Jones received 7,382 votes, against 4,133 recorded for Mr. Milner Gibson as the candidate for the liberal party, should Mr. Birley lose his seat. After a short illness he died at his residence in Wellington-street, Higher Broughton. Mr. Jones was suffering from severe cold in the early part of the week, but was induced to leave his bedroom to attend a meeting of the Hulme and Choriton Working Men's Association on the 20th of January. He left a heated atmosphere to return

home by cab, and incautiously left the window open. It is supposed that the exposure to the weather aggravated his cold, for the next day he was attacked by severe inflammation of the lungs, which was afterwards followed by pleurisy fever, under which he gradually succumbed. He was informed of the result of the ballot on Sunday morning. His last speech to the working men contains the following passage as reported in a local paper: "There was a personal reason why he desired soon to get into the House of Commons, and that was that he could not afford to wait very long. What little work there was in him must be taken out speedily, or it would soon be lost altogether."

His remains were conveyed to their last resting-place in Ardwick Cemetery, Manchester, on the 31st of January. Several thousand persons joined in the procession. The pall-bearers were Mr. Edward Hooson, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., Mr. Elijah Dixon, Mr. Edmond Beales, Mr. Alderman Heywood, Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., Sir E. Armitage, Mr. F. Taylor, Mr. James Crossley, the Rev. H. M. Steinthal, Mr. H. Rawson, and Mr. Thomasson, of Bolton. The carriers were Mr. Benjamin Whiteley, Mr. John Bowes, Mr. J. Cunliffe, and Mr. T. Topping (one of the Chartists arrested like Mr. Jones in 1848). After the funeral service had been read, and the coffin deposited in a temporary grave (until a vault has been constructed), Mr. Beales delivered a brief funeral oration, in which he described the deceased as having combined with the condition of the scholar, the genius of the poet, the fervid eloquence of the orator, and the courageous spirit of the patriot, whom no prosecution could frighten from the advocacy of his principles, and whom no threatened loss of fortune or seductive offers of advancement could tempt to abandon them. The whole proceedings were orderly. Among the mutes who preceded the procession were four survivors of the memorable "Peterloo" massacre, as it was called, of 1818.

The Daily News remarks that Mr. Jones "was one of those men of poetic temperament to whom any cause which they may espouse becomes a passion and a faith. The very exaggerations of his career may be traced to the loftiness of his purpose and the simplicity of his motives. His devotion to the popular cause made his life a continual sacrifice to what he conceived to be its interests, and if he represented the turbulent period of popular Radicalism, he was also one of the central figures of its martyr age. Mr. Jones's extreme opinions on

some points were the result of his enthusiastic temperament, but his devotion to those opinions, his sacrifices for them, and his eloquent defences of them, had at length won universal respect. The affection with which a large class of working men regarded him was shown in his unsuccessful contests at Nottingham and Manchester, and had just received conclusive proof in the ballot in the latter city. It is gratifying to see that the people can appreciate unselfish service. Mr. Jones had lived down much of the suspicion and dislike of one class without having outlived the affection of the other. Men of very different political views from his own would have been glad to see him in Parliament, where he would have been received as the earnest, honest, and eloquent exponent of views which are not now represented there. He has died comparatively young, but he had lived through the troublous time of his own career and of our domestic politics, and the esteem and regret of all classes will follow him to his grave. In the most turbulent sphere of English political life, in the sphere which has always had unusual temptations for self-seeking, he lived and died an honest man."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
AN EGYPTIAN STATE BALL.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a long account of the Viceroy's ball given on the 4th inst. at his new palace at Gezireh, on the banks of the Nile, about five miles' drive from Cairo. On reaching the gates (the writer says) we were stopped by a crowd of Turkish officials who asked for our tickets, and who on receiving them saluted us, and we passed on through the gates into the grounds. We were at once struck with the beauty and magnificence of the place — the drive on either side studded with trees of the densest foliage, and here and there lamps whose posts were gilded, and whose soft and blended lights had a beautiful effect. We arrived at the palace too soon, for after having given up our hats and cloaks, we were asked by one of the officials if we would not like to go out in the grounds for half an hour. There was evidently some reason for wishing to get us away, as we soon found out, for at that moment the Viceroy himself appeared, and told one of the attendants to take us out and show us the grounds. The fact was, he wished to show the palace when lighted up and before the guests arrived to the

ladies of the harem. We were taken to see the Grotto, a place in itself worthy of much note, it being at least sixty feet high, with walks right through it, leading to its summit, and little streamlets of water running and trickling at every niche and corner, and lamps, with the same sort of globes as those in the gardens, interspersed throughout, while here and there was a mimic little waterfall whose streams ran over stained glass lighted from behind, giving to the water the colour of the glass on which it ran. From this we were conducted to the Viceroy's hall of reception in the grounds. This is a large open terrace whose roof is supported by marble pillars, with floor of the same, and in the centre stood a large fountain, which, however, was dry. While walking through the gardens on our way back to the palace we heard voices laughing and talking, and soon found out that the ladies of the harem were returning through the grounds to their palace. Our guide said we must walk out of their way, but unfortunately we were too late for compliance. Our only refuge was under one of the lamps, where the ladies passed us. With them, and walking in front, were the Viceroy's daughters, at least so our guide told us; and these ladies on seeing us put up their eyeglasses, astonished at the presence of such curious people.

We now return to the palace. On entering the portico one could not fail to be struck with the magnificence of the interior. Facing us and leading to the upper part of the palace were the stairs, of the purest white, and inlaid with strips of black marble, highly polished. Stationed at either corner and at the turns of the stairs were Nubian soldiers clad in tunics of chain armour and helmets whose visors extended in a bar of steel below the nose. On reaching the top of the stairs we entered one of the large state rooms, with floor of polished wood, sofas and chairs of crimson velvet surrounding it, and a gigantic ottoman in the centre, of the same material, sufficiently large to accommodate at least twenty-five people. In front of this room was the verandah, where the dancers after each dance resorted for fresh air. The verandah was filled with rich and rare plants, whose soft colours, in contrast with the gorgeous fittings around, gave relief and pleasure to the eye. On the left of this, and about the size of the first room, but more richly furnished, was the reception-room, where the visitors on entering made their obeisance to the Viceroy, who appeared to receive every one very cordially, shaking hands with many of the ladies. On leaving

this we walked across the first room to the ball and refreshment rooms, where the dancing was going on. Here were officers in divers uniforms, civilians (many whose decorations appeared sufficiently heavy to make them almost bow their heads), Turks in the Viceroy's uniform and tarboosh cap, all dancing with ladies. Refreshments, such as ices and every conceivable cooling drink, were being constantly handed round on large chased silver trays by English State servants in red coats, powdered wigs, &c. Supper was laid down stairs in three or four rooms. Fruits and vegetables, both in and out of season, were to be had, and wine in abundance. On the other side, again, were the coffee and smoking rooms. I believe there was not one vacant seat in the large card room.

We returned to the ball-room — now four A.M. The dancing was evidently beginning to flag, and many of the people were already gone; and by five the last carriages were being called up. During the whole time the Viceroy was walking about the rooms making himself very agreeable amongst his guests — amongst whom were Sir John Lawrence, the Duke of Sutherland, M. de Lesseps, of the Suez Canal, and many distinguished foreigners. The guests numbered 3,000, 4,000 invitations having gone out. All the guests residing at Alexandria and Suez were taken to Cairo and back by special trains, provided by the Viceroy's orders.

CHINESE CHARITIES.

(Nevius's "China and the Chinese.")

THAT benevolent societies are found in a heathen land may appear strange to Western readers; but it is a fact that they exist in China in numbers and variety hardly exceeded in Christian lands. In comparing these institutions with those of the West, one is also struck with the similarity which exists in their nature and objects. We have here orphan asylums, institutions for the relief of the widows, as well as for the aged and infirm, public hospitals, and free schools, together with other kindred institutions more peculiarly Chinese in their character. Moral tracts are also distributed to a great extent. . . .

Orphan asylums are found in almost every city, and frequently in country villages. They are established by a wealthy individual, or several individuals associated together, and are sometimes supported by a permanent fund, or the proceeds of lands

given for that purpose. Most children brought to these establishments are infants whose parents are too poor to support them. The great majority of them are girls. They are put in the charge of foster-mothers, who generally live at their own homes, and are required to present them for inspection at the asylum every half-month, when they receive their regular stipend. When the children are about two years old they are brought back to the establishment, and several are put under the care of one nurse. When they have arrived at a suitable age, boys are put out as apprentices to learn trades, or sent to free schools; girls are sold to the poorer classes, according to the custom of the country, as wives. Children of both sexes, however, are not unfrequently adopted, and treated by their benefactors as their own. . . .

In Hang-chow, the provincial capital of Chekiang, I found, in connection with a variety of benevolent institutions, an Asylum for Old Men, in which I became particularly interested, and which I frequently visited. It contained, in 1859, about five hundred inmates. The building was large, the beneficiaries were made very comfortable, and everything connected with the establishment was carried on with as much order and system as in a similar institution in our own country. In addition to an immense dining-room, kitchen and sleeping apartments, conveniences were afforded in separate buildings for making different articles of handicraft, and the inmates were at liberty to spend as much time as they chose working at some trade, and to make such use as they pleased of whatever they might earn in this way. . . .

Societies for affording pecuniary aid to widows are very common, and exist either independently or in connection with societies embracing several distinct objects conjointly. Immediately after the death of her husband, the widow receives a larger stipend than at any subsequent time, in order to assist her in providing for her young children. This allowance is gradually diminished; and as old age approaches, women of this class, if they have no children able to support them, are sometimes transferred to another establishment which provides for the wants of the aged and infirm. When a respectable and worthy widow is in want, and the limited number of beneficiaries in the public asylums is complete, private individuals frequently make contributions to afford relief in these particular cases. The peculiar interest felt in this class of women is due to the views

of the Chinese respecting the disreputableness of the second marriages of widows. Among the poor, and in case of widows who have no children to depend upon in after-life, a second marriage is allowable, though the opposite course is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation as honourable and meritorious. The ground for this feeling seems to be respect for the memory of the deceased husband. . . .

The gratuitous distribution of medicine is quite common in China. In the summer especially, certain remedies much prized by the people may be obtained free of charge from societies which include this among other objects for which they are instituted. There is a very common mode of practising the healing art, professedly from benevolent motives, in which a selfish motive is too apparent. Notices may continually be seen placarded in public places calling the attention of the public to some distinguished personage of the Esculapian school who has learned his art at the capital, or from some foreigner, or from some distinguished native practitioner, or by communication with the genii, who is desirous of relieving those who are in a condition of suffering and distress, and will give them an opportunity to avail themselves of his knowledge and skill without charge, except for the cost of medicine.

A new enterprise, originated a few years since in the city of Suchow, has since been introduced into other places, which cannot but be regarded with peculiar interest. Its express object is "the suppression of immoral books." This enterprise has also gained the sanction and concurrence of the authorities, and has already done much towards checking the influence of this source of demoralization. The people are not only requested, but required to bring such books as have been prohibited to the head-quarters of this society, where they receive an equivalent for them in money. Not only books, but the stereotyped blocks from which they are printed, are thus collected at a great expense, and all are together, at stated times, committed to the flames. Several of the celebrated standard novels of China, which in a moral point of view will bear favourable comparison with some of the current popular literature of our own country, have fallen under the ban of this society, and cannot now be obtained without great trouble and expense.

Instances have occurred in which booksellers who have continued to sell immoral works in the face of these regulations, have become obnoxious to public authority, and incurred a great sacrifice of reputation and property. . . .

There are in Chinese cities public asylums, sustained at the expense of Government, containing a limited number of diseased and disabled poor, who receive a daily allowance insufficient for their support, and eke out the remainder of their living by begging. They are more successful than others, as they carry the evidence of their misfortunes in their physical infirmities, and some of them amass considerable property. These also have their heads or leaders, some of whom are brokers and billshavers. They sometimes buy bad bills at a discount, and collect them by attacking the house of the delinquent debtor with an army of beggars, until he is glad to get rid of them by paying it.

The most popular of the benevolent institutions in Ningpo, and the one having by far the largest income, includes a variety of objects. It has a fund for providing coffins for the poor, a fund for carrying coffins which have been thrown carelessly aside to some suitable place for interment, and one for collecting and burying again human bones which are found exposed to view; also a fund for providing medicine in summer, and warm clothes in winter; a fund for the relief of widows; one for gathering old printed paper, and the only one in Ningpo for suppressing immoral books. This society has a large building, with as many secretaries and superintendents as are necessary for the orderly and efficient carrying on of its extensive operations.

It is also worthy of remark, that most of the roads and fine arch bridges, as well as the public buildings of China, are constructed by voluntary donations. In connection with these public works it is very common to see stone tablets erected containing the names of the donors and the amounts of their subscriptions.

Tea is in many places provided for travellers, and offered gratuitously in resting-houses by the roadside. Poor scholars are furnished with money for travelling expenses in attending the literary examinations.

From All the Year Round.
THE CHINESE FROM HOME.

TRAVELLING over the mountain trails almost anywhere in California, no matter how remote and solitary may be your route, you can scarcely fail to meet a curious figure — sloping-eyed, yellow-complexioned, with a shaved head, and pigtail carefully secured in a twisted knot behind; clad in a loose cloth or calico garment, half shirt, half jacket; trousers equally wide; a long bamboo pole over his shoulder, on either end of which, carefully balanced, are a sack of rice, a piece of pork, and a heterogeneous mass of mining tools; and, over all, the head of this strange individual is covered with a hat made of slips of bamboo, the brim of which equals in breadth a moderately sized umbrella. This is John Chinaman from home, finding his fortune. He always answers to the name of "John." He follows many ways of making his modicum of rice; and the representative of Chinese industry in this case is "Mining John." The white miners only allow him to labour at the poorer diggings, or at others which have been so well wrought over, as no longer to yield returns enough to satisfy their ideas as to wages. Accordingly, we find John at work in some remote locality which the stronger race has deserted, or which is too poor to tempt them to drive out the Chinese. In the former times, this was frequently done; and in the old California newspapers reports of such outrages, or of meetings at which resolutions to do so were passed, are quite common. Some years ago I had occasion to pass a few days with some Chinese miners in the mountains. They numbered some twenty men, and occupied the deserted cabins of the miners who had formerly wrought in the locality. Every morning they would go down to the river side, and labour, steadily washing the gravel for gold, until mid-day, when their slight meal of rice and vegetables was partaken of. At six o'clock, or thereabout, they stopped work for the day; and after carefully washing themselves in the river, they prepared supper. I was the only white there, and had made an arrangement with them about my meals. Accordingly my supper was first prepared: an office which I generally superintended, as they had, according to my observation, a nasty habit of incorporating rattlesnakes, frogs, slugs, and "such small deer," in their stews. After supper they would look to their little patches of water melons, cabbages, &c.; and their head man would talk to me about his daily life, or the province he had come from, and to which he hoped before long to

return. The greater portion of them, however, after they had weighed out the proceeds of the day's labour and allotted each man his share by the aid of a *suan-pan* (a sort of miniature Babbage's calculating machine) would place themselves on their sleeping benches, put a little tray before them on which were all the materials for smoking, and soon drug themselves into a dreaming stupidity with the fumes of opium. Their huts were situated amid the most beautiful scenery, by the banks of a fine river, over which cataracts from the snow-capped mountains in the distance fell gurgling or roaring into the waters below. But for all this, on which I never tired of gazing, my hosts seemed to care little. They had no visitors, save an Indian on horseback now and then, who treated them very cavalierly and rarely dismounted. On Sundays they generally laid over from work, not from any religious motive, as they were Buddhists, but merely as a day of rest; and sometimes, if they had been more than ordinarily successful, one of them would go to the town or trading port, distant some ten miles, and buy some provisions and a bottle of a beverage called (I quote the label) "fine Old Tom," over which they made merry for a few hours, playing a rude description of musical instrument sounding like a paralytic drum. They made, however, poor pay, generally not more than three or four shillings per diem each; though now and then they would come on a lucky pocket, and return in the evening grinning from ear to ear. The ground was, however, getting exhausted, and they were then talking of putting their household gods on the bamboo pole, and of removing to some more favoured locality which they had heard of. Go down into almost any town or village, and you will find John moving about with that same silent air of his. Here he generally follows the business of a laundryman. All through the by-streets and suburbs you can see his little cabin with a signboard informing that here lives — "Whang Ho. Washing and Ironing. Buttons sewed on;" and peeping through the window, you see the proprietor busily at work clear starching, or ironing out the frills on the shirt bosom of probably the governor himself. He has a large pan full of lighted charcoal, which he uses as a "flat iron," and his mouth is full of water, which he most adroitly sprinkles over the linen in a fine shower. If you have any foul clothes, he will follow you home, take them away, and return them again in a day or two, charging about sixpence apiece for his trouble — bargaining, however, that he has

not to find linen collars for paper ones which may have been dropped in. From the frequent warnings of washing John on this subject, I suspect that it is a custom of the colonial gentlemen, by which our friend has suffered in time past.

In the suburbs of every town agricultural John is busy at work, clearing the most unlikely pieces of ground, for the purpose of raising vegetables for the town market. These farmers, or rather market gardeners, are generally in companies of three or four; and if you pass that way, you can generally find one or other of the bucolic partnership driving the old cart and still older horse either from or to market; if the latter is the case, it is usually filled with several casks of garbage, &c., which the industrious proprietor has bought or begged for feeding his pigs with.

Shopkeeping John is of a rather more aristocratic type. He still wears his country's dress, but it is of a fine material, and his shoes are of the best description, with the thickest of felt soles. He is also more particular about his person, and shaves his head with greater regularity than any of the labouring classes, much to the advantage of his personal appearance; for, however smart a Chinaman may look with his sprucely shaven head and neat pigtail, he looks a most atrocious scoundrel when the hair is beginning to grow down on the forehead. These little shops are chiefly patronized by their own nation, or by the pedlars who at all seasons—but more especially in the winter, when the outlying settlers find it inconvenient to come into the town for trifling purchases—perambulate the country with two huge hampers swung, as usual, on either end of a bamboo pole over the dealer's shoulder. Most obliging are these Chinese pedlars, and they always make a point, every Christmas, of making some little present to their chief customers and to the children. Most of the large storekeepers and wholesale dealers are men of education and refinement, standing well with the commercial community, but, except on rare occasions, never mingling in any society but that of their own people. A few of them keep cheap eating-houses or restaurants, frequented by sailors and others who have no objection to a dinner composed of very dubious materials, so long as its cost does not exceed a shilling or eighteen pence. Many of them are general servants, and in almost every house in North-West America the cook is a Chinaman. Female servants are rare, expensive, and most independent; so that our Asiatic friends have almost a monopoly of the kitchen. They get for such ser-

vices from fifteen to twenty dollars per week, with board and lodging; while the young ladies who condescend to do "house helping" will demand from thirty to forty dollars, coupled with the bargain that they are not to brush boots, and are to have two nights a week, and the whole of Sunday, to themselves! They are not strong enough for labourers, but what they lack in muscle, they make up in industry. Accordingly, working for moderate wages, a large number of them are employed on public works, like the Pacific Railroad. Indeed it is principally owing to the assistance rendered by them that the rapid formation of the portion of the line already completed on the west side of the Rocky Mountains is due. They were also employed in considerable numbers on the Panama Railroad, but had to be discontinued, as they had a disagreeable habit, when the day was very warm, of fastening themselves by their pigtails to the "dumpcart," used to empty the earth into the Chagres river. They also employ themselves to some extent in catching and drying fish for the Chinese market. Every year they preserve several tons of the albicore, or ear-shell, for exportation to Canton, where it is used in a variety of manufactures. Even their signboards are painted by themselves, as it is dangerous to employ a jocular American, especially when under the influence of Mongehala whisky. Near San Francisco is a Chinese washing-house, surmounted by a signboard informing the passers-by that "ALL'S WELL—WE MAY BE HAPPY YET! YOU BET!" which no doubt the innocent proprietor supposes to be an eloquent announcement anent "washing and ironing." Most of their large firms' designations do not express the names of the owner or owners, but are symbolic. For instance, they mean "The wide-spreading firm," "The firm of the Flowery Land," and so on. All of their food, clothing, &c., with the exception of pork, boots, or mining tools, are imported from China. Some years ago they were detected carrying on a most lucrative business in importing a liquid called Chinese wine, which was discovered to be a very strong brandy, and, accordingly, notwithstanding its name, excisable in the highest duties. If a Chinese dies in a foreign country, Mongol theologians seem agreed that it will go hard with him in the after world unless his bones repose in the Flowery Land. Accordingly, the companies which bring the Chinese emigrants over to California are under contract to take them back again after a certain period, dead or alive. A Chinese funeral is a curious scene in San Francisco. A special burying-

ground, called the Yerba Buena Cemetery, is set apart for Celestial repose. When carrying the body to the grave, a solemn individual scatters little slips of paper, with wise aphorisms from Confucius written on them, on either side; and on the lintels of their doorways are strips of red paper, on which are inscribed similar wise saws. On the grave is placed a roast fowl, some rice, and a bottle of "Chinese wine;" after which the mourners depart, never looking behind them. There is, however, another class of gentlemen who assist at the departed funeral, who are not so backward. A number of the rowdies of San Francisco, who are concealed near at hand, no sooner see the last of the mourners than they make a rush for the edibles and drinkables left for the benefit of Joss, and very soon make short work of them — Joss, no doubt, getting the credit. After lying some months in the grave, the bones are dug up, and carefully cleaned and polished with brushes, tied up, and put into little bundles, which are nicely labelled and stowed away, in a small tin coffin, in the particular hong or commercial house, which is responsible for them.* When a sufficient number of these interesting mementos have accumulated, a ship is chartered, and the coffins despatched with their contents back to Shanghai, Canton, or Hong-Kong. I saw a vessel in San Francisco harbour laden with four hundred dead Chinese. On some of the silent mountain trails I have come across some of these lonely graves, only marked with a stick, in which was stuck a slip of red paper, with the name of the deceased, with some maxim of Kungfutze (Confucius), about the vanity of things earthly, which the subject of the cousin of the moon who lay below had already experienced in his own person.

Every year thousands of Chinese are entering to supply the place of those who leave, so that instead of decreasing, their numbers are increasing with the country. Nobody likes John over much, and some of the baser sort have the most determined enmity to him. The storekeepers don't like him, because he deals with his own people, though they forget that he takes nothing from them, and sometimes does put something in their pockets for mining tools. Beside, all John's dealings are for ready money, for though he may haggle long enough about the price yet he gets no

credit, though worse men may. The labourer doesn't like him, for he works for lower wages than he. This is a favourite subject of growling with these lazy loafers, as they doze away in bar-rooms with their feet on the top of the stove. Yet there is room for all of them, and the Chinese are only taken because white men can't be got. Politicians don't take him up, because he doesn't vote, and therefore is of no account in municipal or state elections, and is not to be conciliated, while the newspaper editor, who ought to put in a good word for him, is very luke-warm on the subject, for John does not advertise, while his detractors do. Accordingly, poor John is kicked and abused with very little chance of redress. He is hunted out of every good mining locality, and he may think himself well off if he is not robbed and has his pigtail cut off as a lesson to him, when of course the local paper will be sure to repeat the time-honoured joke about a "long tale being cut short." Formerly rowdies thought it good fun to catch a Chinaman and cut his tail off, though, as every one who knows that people is aware, he would as soon you took his life, as he is an outcast among his co-religionists until his "hair grows." Some of them are Christians, and have given up this method of hairdressing, but these are rare exceptions. I am glad, however, to say that of late years the California legislature have made it a penal offence to cut off a Chinaman's pigtail; at the same time I never heard of anybody being punished, though there are plenty of pigtails lopped off. In the streets he is openly insulted. In Christian California I have seen a poor harmless Chinese stoned by boys until he was bleeding, hardly one being manly enough to take his part. I have heard of others after whom ruffians would hound their dogs, while the poor persecuted man was torn and bleeding, and the law touched his assailants not. The law passes acts against him, taxes him heavily as he enters, taxes him for making his living, and taxes him at every turn. It is quite a perquisite of the local official, this Chinese taxation, and he is either a very just, or by no means, a "smart" man, who cannot make a revenue out of the unfortunate Celestial.

Even the Digger Indian, taking example from his superiors (?), persecutes and robs John also, if he finds him in the mountains; and as our poor friend will do anything rather than fight, he comes off very poorly indeed. John, it must be acknowledged, has an insuperable objection to paying taxes, notwithstanding his being in early life accustomed to be "squeezed" by a

* I notice an advertisement in a California paper about a new earthenware coffin, combining the advantages of durability, cleanliness, and cheapness; which latter virtue will no doubt commend it to the Chinese undertakers. The editor, in a paragraphic puff, remarks "that any one having once used this coffin, would use no other!"

mandarin in his own country, and he will often take to the mountains when he hears of the sheriff coming his way. In Southern Oregon, where nearly all the diggings are occupied by Chinese, the sheriff, in order to take them by strategy, has to send a few deputies in the guise of miners, with packs of blankets on their backs, who surprise John before he has time to escape, and if he shows any symptoms of resistance, with a revolver at his head, force him to "pungle down the dust." I remember hearing a few years ago of some Chinese who, expecting the tax-gatherer, went and took refuge in a cave which they had bribed a digger Indian to show them. After their guide had taken their money, he went off to the sheriff, and receiving another bribe, informed him where they were hiding. A fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave, and the poor fellows, fairly trapped, had to crawl out one by one, and to pay their money without loss of time; they never think of the wretched economy of all this, and of the loss of time being more than all the tax amounts to, but only of the sum which has to be squeezed out of their hoard.

Yet John is not such a bad fellow — even when from home. Though rarely mingling in general society, yet on high occasions he is most hospitable. Once a year in Southern Oregon the Chinese give a grand dinner, to which they invite the neighbouring storekeepers and other friends. These storekeepers almost live by the Chinese, as there are no native dealers there. It is amusing to see the stock in trade of one of these 'cute Yankees, who is possibly a pillar of the church — Chinese gods, papers to burn in the temple of Joss, Chinese suan-pans, almanacks, novels, medicines, pickled cabbage, slugs, &c., possibly the whole superintended by a Chinese clerk. These entertainments were, however, greatly eclipsed by the grand dinner they gave to Mr. Burlingame, at present chief ambassador to the treaty powers, on his way out to China as United States' ambassador, and some time previously to Mr. Colfax, the Speaker of Congress, on the occasion of his visit to San Francisco in 1865. It was given by the five great hong, or mercantile companies, of San Francisco, and was quite unique in its way. Chinese dishes and European being both presented. Of the former I counted some one hundred and sixty-five, but there must have been many more. They included every possible delicacy — sharks' fins, bird-nest soup, young bamboo, scorpions' eggs, &c. &c., eaten with chopsticks, with dessert about the beginning of the feast, including tea, which is said to have cost fifty

dollars per pound. Between the courses the hosts and guests left the table, and were entertained by a Chinese opera, consisting of a one-stringed fiddle, a sort of gong, and something looking like a mud turtle, on the back of which they beat. They are exceedingly industrious, and if a Chinaman makes only half a dollar a day, he will save half of it. If he is well off he lives well, but still saves. At their new year (in February) all accounts must be settled up, otherwise good reason must be shown why he should continue in business, or hold further commercial dealings. Most of them speak a sort of broken English — known in Canton as "Pigeon English," and all are exceedingly anxious to learn. Still, notwithstanding all their industry, they will occasionally come to grief, and land within the interior of the Californian Whiteross Prison. A Chinese named Ah Sam, who kept the "Lord Nelson Restaurant," in Victoria, Vancouver Island, became bankrupt, and was ordered to file a schedule of his assets. Not knowing the names of his customers, he had entered short descriptions of them in his ledger, and when he entered court, he had nothing more than the following to show. It was given me by his solicitor as a legal curiosity:

	dols.	cents.
A butcher owes	18	
Captain of a schooner	50	
Cook in a ship-galley	8	
Red-shirt man	27	
Man comes late (a printer?)	10	
Cap man	8	50
Lean man, white man	20	
Fat Frenchman	30	62
Captain, tall man	20	
French old man	8	
Whiskers man	18	37
Blacksmith	49	
Barkeeper	5	
Workman	5	
Whiskers man's friend	6	25
Double blanket man	6	50
Little short man	10	
Double blanket man's friend	15	
Lame leg man	40	
Fat man	9	25
Old workman	8	
Red whiskers	7	50
Steamboat man	18	
Indian Ya	4	62
Dick make coal shoveller	28	
Yea Yap Earrings	25	
Flower pantaloons man	16	
Shoemaker gone to California	15	62
A man — butcher's friend	39	
Stable man	16	
Get tight* man	7	

The last entry the Commissioner decided

* Drunk.

was of much too general a character to allow of the slightest hope of fixing the debt upon any one in particular.

In San Francisco there are five great hong, or merchant companies, called the Yung-wo, the Sze-yap, the Yan-wo, and Wing-Yeung companies. These companies have large wooden buildings in the town, where they not only carry on business, but lodge and board all the people attached to their companies when in the city. There are also benevolent associations to take care of the sick of their own people. There are no Chinese beggars in San Francisco, and that nation alone has no representatives in the public hospital. Most of the Chinese on the Pacific coast come to California under contract to one or other of these companies, engaged at a low rate of wages (generally about eight dollars per month), and these companies again let out their labour in various ways. This is essentially the coolie system, and I think there need be little doubt but that this prevails in California. The labourers are said to be very faithful to their contracts. They have never yet learned to use the food of the people among whom they live. Rice is still the great staple, with sometimes a little pork; and on high occasion, ducks and other fowls. He is not, however, at all particular in his commissariat. Rats, mice, and even their mortal enemy the cat, is not safe from John's omnivorous stomach. I have often heard the miners venting curses both loud and deep on the prowling Chinese, who had cleared the "creek" of cats. Their houses have a peculiar faint, sickening odour, perfectly indescribable. A friend of mine used to declare that they smell of nothing but effete civilization!

I have said so much about John's honesty that it may not be out of place to close this article with a few remarks upon the disreputable side of the Chinese character on the Pacific, albeit some have been of opinion that there is only one side, and that the shady one. It cannot but be expected, where thousands of men are continually arriving, but that some rogues will slip in, more especially when the labourers are recruited from the notoriously scoundrelly coolie population of Chinese cities. Some of them are most adroit fowl thieves, and will clear a fowl-yard between sunset and sunrise. They rarely attempt burglary, and chiefly lay themselves out for the "sneaking line." As they pass in single file along the street, with a basket on either end of a bamboo pole, loose inconsidered trifles are speedily transferred from shop-doors to these receptacles, the thief march-

ing on as innocently as possible. Some few years ago they put a considerable amount of base coin into circulation. They were also accused of "sweating" the coin — shaking it up in a bag for some hours, and then burning the bag to obtain the few grains which clung to the fibres of the cloth. They had a still more ingenious method of swindling, and that was to split open the twenty-dollar gold pieces, adroitly extract the inside, and then filling it with some metal of equal weight, close the two sides again. So neatly was this done that the union was not detected until some time after the trick had been in successful operation, and then only in the Mint at Philadelphia. They are notorious gamblers, and expend a large proportion of their earnings in this manner. In San Francisco and all the large towns there are regular gambling-houses; and in the mining camps they spend a great proportion of their leisure in playing — generally for "pice," or other low stakes. The keepers of these houses must be wealthy, as they invariably pay the large fines which are sometimes inflicted on them when detected infringing the act passed against gambling-houses. They seem to have no idea of the binding nature of a legal oath, and accordingly their evidence is always received most cautiously. In the courts of law they are usually sworn by breaking a plate, and cutting the neck off a fowl, or by burning a piece of paper before them. They do not intermarry with the whites, and few of the labourers bring wives with them. There are upwards of fifteen hundred of their women on the Pacific coast, one thousand of whom are in San Francisco, and nearly all of them are of the vilest class.

The children are tolerably numerous in San Francisco, and are pretty little creatures, with their sparkling black eyes and queer little queues behind, eked out with green or scarlet silk. Suicides are very common among them, the Chinese seeming to care nothing for life. They are mostly Buddhists of a very corrupted type, though a few Christians are found among them. The former have a fine temple in San Francisco, and in every house is a little family temple, or Joss-house, before which papers are burnt and offerings made at stated times. With the exception of gambling and opium smoking, they have few amusements. In San Francisco they support a curious little theatre, where the music is a demoniacal band of gongs; and the same play seemed to have been going on for several years when I last visited it, and is not yet finished. Kite-flying is a favourite out-

of-doors amusement. Chinese kites, made in the form of butterflies and birds, which give out a singing noise, are in great demand among the youth of the Pacific coast. Occasionally, on a Sunday, a few of them will have an "out" on horseback, or in a wagon. On these occasions some of them dress in European clothes, and the horsemanship and general display is a sight for gods and men! Except on the great festival of their new year, you see very little dissipation among them. These holidays generally last three or four days, when all business is suspended, and you must wear foul linen until John your washerman has finished his jollification. The morning of the first day of the holidays is ushered in by a loud display of crackers and other fireworks, and before nine o'clock the streets are covered with red papers. Sometimes, to the great delight of young California, a whole caskful is let off at once. A Chinese merchant told me that it generally costs about one thousand pounds each new year for fireworks alone; and some houses in the city will expend from sixty to eighty pounds for this item alone.

During this season no allusion to anything sad, such as death, sickness, losses in business, or any misfortune, is tolerated by any one. Every sentiment must be of hope, good will, and good cheer. Every true subject of the Flowery Land does his best; and the attire of some of the wealthy Chinese far exceeds in cost the dresses of the richest of the whites. A sable cape, silk trousers, and embroidered silk jacket, make a very expensive turn out. The greetings and salutations are very ceremonious, and all imaginary blessings are included in the interchange of good wishes. Upon almost all the stores, places of business, and tenements of the Chinese, may be seen during the holiday season, sundry strips of red paper pasted up, inscribed with Chinese characters. They are usually five in number, and are recognized in common parlance as "charms," but among those familiar with the usages of these people as the "five blessings." Each is inscribed with a separate blessing, such as health, wealth, friends, long life, and posterity. At this period they also visit the temple, observing certain religious rites, and making offerings of roast pigs and other dainties to their idols, which are afterwards withdrawn and eaten

at their own feasts. The first four days at the beginning of each new year are appropriated for the lower classes, and thirty days for the gentry, as a time of feasting in China, but on the Pacific coast the custom is somewhat modified. Some of the wealthy Chinese keep up a round of festivities for two or three weeks, while the special holiday season may be said to expire at the end of three or four days. They have also other holidays in the course of the year. About these times, indigestion and other ills trouble John, and the doctor has to be called in. There are many of these professional gentlemen on the Pacific coast, grave-looking old fellows, but generally arrant rogues. Deer-horns when in the "velvet" are eagerly bought, being esteemed a valuable medicament by the Chinese. The gall of a bear is valued at its weight in gold, and the rare Albino deer is equally prized.

In 1864, there was quite a furore in San Francisco about a Chinese doctor, whose consulting-rooms were besieged by the élite of the city. His success was said to consist in careful regimen, his medicines being very harmless. He used, however, to insure attention to diet and general conduct by laying down strict rules, to diverge from which, he informed his patients, would cause certain death to ensue from the medicine. He was of a fine appearance, richly dressed, and spoke through an Englishman as an interpreter. His lionization lasted a few weeks, and after that he gradually dropped into oblivion, to make way for some other sensation. On the whole, the rapidly increasing Chinese population is an advantage to the American States and territories on the Pacific, as well as the British colonies further north. They cultivate ground which no one else will, and work gold mines disregarded by the whites. They are consumers to some extent of European and American manufactures, and whether or no, their merchants pay taxes and import duties. On the whole, though kicked and abused, simply because they are harmless, inoffensive and weak, and do not retaliate on the ruffians who maltreat them, as would any one else, they are an industrious people who, if they do not become citizens, yet do not interfere in politics, and in proportion to their numbers, give less trouble to the law than any one else, and are therefore deserving of every encouragement.

VIRTUES OF IPEACACUANHA.—That there is nothing new under the sun is an ancient and trite saying, but one nevertheless containing a great deal of truth. History, as we know, has a tendency to repeat itself—a remark applicable indeed to most subliminary affairs. Of course science creates exceptions, but a marvellous number of those vaunted new inventions, disturbing our equanimity in the nineteenth century, are but revivals of what was once as common as “household words.” Like fashion, however, science even is subject to “cyclical changes;” and particularly so that portion of this wide term appertaining to the practice of medicine. Of this we (*Delhi Gazette*) have a recent example. Dr. Murray, the Inspector-General of Hospitals for the Upper Provinces, in addressing Government, remarks that the success which has attended the introduction of the cinchona plant into India leads to the desire for the naturalization of other valuable medicines. Ipeacacuanha, he states, is a specific against dysentery, but the drug, a native plant of Brazil, is expensive, and it is submitted that it would be desirable to cultivate it in India, with the same attention now being paid to cinchona. Drs. Farquhar and Ross also contribute memoranda in support of Dr. Murray’s proposition, and both these gentlemen bring forward statistical arguments tending to demonstrate that since ipeacacuanha has been used in India for the cure of dysentery the mortality from this disease has decreased by one-half. Dr. Ross commits himself to the statement that when ipeacacuanha fails to act specifically, it is either from there being organic complications, which must of themselves in the end prove mortal, or that the remedy has been administered without proper knowledge or precautions. It is also added, that ipeacacuanha is as much a specific for dysentery as quinine for malarious fevers; and Dr. Farquhar sums up by remarking that its “importation and cultivation would be a most valuable boon to the country.”

Public Opinion.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.—The Roman “doctors” disagree on the question as to whether their Church is gaining or losing in America. Father Hecker, at present on a lecturing tour, says impetuously—“The increase of Catholic population over that of others is 100 per cent. He believed the dominant influence of the country at the close of the century would be on the side of Catholics. They stand in this country as a Macedonian phalanx, bound together by truth, while Protestantism is disintegrating itself and dwindling away. The result he predicted was founded on figures and logic. This great republic is bound to be a great Catholic nation.” A Protestant paper says in reply to this:—“We hold it capable of clearest proof that this country has received—take the existing United States together—at least two

Romish emigrants to one Protestant, and that consequently at this day the population of this country should be *two-thirds* Romish, instead of being, as it is, *one-eighth* Romish. A delusion has been put upon us by this Anglo-Saxon ‘common origin’ theory. The truth is, Romanism has lost fearfully by American immigration, and is losing daily masses who belong to it by birth and training. The Romish Church knows this tolerably well, and at times her bishops have uttered solemn warnings against emigration.” This is confirmed by the *Universe*, a Roman Catholic paper. After stating that “in one city alone” (evidently meaning New York) the Roman Church “loses at a single stroke twenty thousand souls,” the editor proceeds:—“Taking the figures for New York to be correct—and the authority that gives them is reliable—it is a certain fact that not less than two hundred thousand baptized Irish Catholic children are lost every year to the faith in America. How true the great Archbishop Kendrick was, as a clergyman wrote in these columns last week, when he maintained that the Church here is constantly losing more than it gains. What does it gain? Emigrants—nothing but emigrants. What does it lose? The one case in issue shows that it loses every year two hundred thousand of the children of these same poor emigrants. What can be more unfortunate or degenerate than that? Two hundred thousand Irish children—the best Catholic stock in the world—lost every year! Talk of your converts! your growth of liberty towards Catholics! Well may American Protestants be liberal to the Catholic Church, when the latter loses every year, for their advantage, two hundred thousand (these figures are much too low) of the best Catholic stock that ever received baptism.”

Public Opinion.

POLAR ICE.—The following statements in regard to the polar ice are given by Professor Nordenskiöld, as the experience of the Swedish Arctic Expedition of the past year. First, that the polar ice is far more open in the autumn than at any other season; but that even then the passage is soon stopped by dense and impenetrable masses of broken ice. Second, that during the winter the polar basin is covered by unbroken ice, the freezing point of the surface beginning about the end of September. Third, that an autumn cruise north of 80 1-2 degrees is attended with unusual dangers, owing to the darkness and storms then prevailing. Fourth, that the idea of an open and comparatively milder polar basin is quite chimerical; on the contrary, that from 20 degrees to 80 degrees north of Spitzbergen, a region of cold begins, which probably stretches far around the pole. Fifth, that the only possible plan of attaining the pole consists in going northward in sledges in winter, either from Smith’s Sound or Seven Islands.